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GRICULTURAL UNREST.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, MARCH 8th, 1919.

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MARION NEILSON

MRS. GEOFFREY COLMAN.

180, New Bond Street, London, W.

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HOUSING DELAYS

IF Dr. Addison's capacity were equal to his *naïveté* he would be a very competent Minister. He lately said to a deputation from the Labour Housing Association, "the town-planning question in relation to the rapid provision of housing was absolutely impossible. The average time it took under the existing law to provide for town-planning was about four years. They wanted to provide houses in about four weeks."

Town-planning is the science which prevents the creation of slums, but the President of the Local Government Board has no time for it. We agree that the existing law regulating town-planning is so contrived that the official procedure prevents anything being done, and we lately demanded its instant amendment. But it cannot be forgotten that Dr. Addison was, until the recent re-shuffling of the Government, the Minister of Reconstruction. That office was created in order that when peace came we might be ready for it. If the existing Act is merely a machine for making four years' delays, as everyone knows, why did not Dr. Addison use his two years of reconstructive meditation to draft a simplifying Bill? He says nothing about such an obvious course of action, but wrings his hands over the impossibility of town-planning. He cannot ride off on the plea that he has been too busy with other sorts of reconstruction to give attention to housing, for the bookstalls groan with the Ministry's little grey pamphlets which, for the modest price of twopence, instruct the patient public in these matters. Indeed, there are two pamphlets on housing, one for

England and Wales and one for Scotland; also there are four committee reports on housing and building materials. Dr. Addison proposes that the new Department of Housing shall work in a decentralised fashion through eight housing commissioners. What prevents powers being given to them to approve town-planning schemes prepared by local authorities and, failing municipal action, to prepare the schemes themselves? There is ample talent available to prepare the schemes. Architects are being demobilised by the hundred and are like to starve for lack of work. It would not take them four years or even four months to lay out schemes which would prevent the creation of new and hideous slums. The Prime Minister showed his usual vision when he spoke before the election of building houses outside the great crowded centres on an ordered basis, and of providing transport facilities so that this might be done. Has Dr. Addison not read these speeches or, having read them, does he prefer to ignore them?

It is now over sixteen weeks since Armistice Day. On that day Dr. Addison entered into his inheritance of Reconstruction. What is there to show for it in the great work of housing the people?

On one practical point we must also touch: the standardisation of materials. The necessity for this was emphasised by the Tudor Walters Committee, appointed on July 26th, 1917, which reported on October 24th, 1918, and said that 1,950,000 windows and 3,600,000 doors would be required.

On February 21st last the Local Government Board issued an official notice, saying: "The Ministry of Munitions are placing orders for bricks, slates, stone, doors, window frames and other house fittings." Manufacturers of joinery are crying out for orders: unemployment is greater in the building and allied trades than in any other. Can the Director-General of Housing say how many doors and window frames he has bidden the Ministry of Munitions to order, and if not, why not? The public well knows that bad and insufficient housing is at the root of much misery and consequent unrest, and demands that the problem be grappled sincerely, adequately and with honest vigour. But of these qualities no sign is visible.

We repeat what we wrote on November 30th last. For every reason, of which the shortage of materials is not least, the satisfaction of all housing needs cannot be achieved at once, and the first attack on the problem should be in rural districts. It is almost universally agreed that the Rural District Councils are unfitted for the task, which should be laid on the County Councils. The latter are the authorities for small holdings and land settlement, and will be supervising building for that purpose. Rural District Councils, save in rare cases, have neither the staff nor the imagination to undertake the work successfully. In one western county a District Council is seeking to evade its responsibilities by throwing the duty on its constituent Parish Councils, which are asked to determine their needs and employ an architect to give them shape. Could the parochial spirit further go? How conceivably can these little local units grapple with the thousand administrative and technical difficulties which make building almost impossible even to the best equipped departments and large municipalities? The minor local authorities can be immensely helpful in ascertaining requirements, choosing sites and doing the work which needs local knowledge, but it is preposterous to leave the executive task in their hands.

The introduction of the Housing Bill cannot long be delayed, and until its provisions are seen judgment on Dr. Addison's policy must be deferred; but meanwhile there is ample scope for vigorous administrative action.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of Mrs. Geoffrey Colman, whose marriage to Captain Geoffrey Colman, late 7th Rifle Brigade, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Colman of Crown Point, Norwich, took place on February 25th. Mrs. Geoffrey Colman, before her marriage Miss Lettice Adeane, is the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. W. Adeane of Babraham, Cambridge.

. It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THE Ways and Communications Bill, which has just been introduced into the House of Commons, deals with two questions, at least, which are matters of acute controversy. One is the virtual supersession of the Road Board, an authority which was doing remarkably good work for several years before the war, and with whose proceedings very little fault can be found. The other is the endowment of the Minister of Transport with such absolute power that were it passed he would be able to nationalise the railway system of Great Britain with a stroke of his pen. Possibly this may be due to bad drafting, as it was declared very recently in the House of Commons that Ministers had not yet come to a clear decision on the question of nationalising the railways. It is well known that enquiries in regard to those countries where the railways are already national property have not brought about a strong case for nationalisation; hence the hesitation of the Government. But to do by a side wind and, as it were, accidentally, what they cannot contemplate as a deliberate policy would seem to show that the Bill has been put together hastily and without due consideration of all the issues involved.

LORD DUNRAVEN is the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Fisheries in the Empire Resources Development Committee, so he ought to be worth listening to when he speaks on fish. But, indeed, the common-sense of his letter to the *Times* would carry conviction whoever it came from. In his long letter he does not use the word "reconstruction," perhaps because it has got to be synonymous with muddle. But the changes he advocates form the most practical reconstructive efforts of which we have yet heard. The main points to be kept in view relate respectively to the home supply and the Dominions supply of fish. It is a sad reflection on the way the fish market is organised to know that when famine prices had to be paid in London gluts occurred at several ports in which herring and other fish had to be used for manurial purposes because there was no way of selling them. In a well regulated industry there would never be a glut of fish. The two means of dealing with it are the curing station and cold storage. The difficulty is that an out of the way catch cannot be foreseen. It comes like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and private enterprise fights shy of spending money on chance. The cold storage might be empty for a year at a time and a huge curing establishment sufficient to deal with the largest possible supply would be standing idle for a great part of the time, thus producing a loss on capital. Lord Dunraven's argument is that the State alone could carry out these projects profitably because where a certain number succeed and a certain number fail the owner of all of them would probably come out with a balance on the right side or incur only a very small loss.

EVEN a stronger case is made out for the development of the fishing industry in Canada and Newfoundland. What it would mean to the consumer is clear enough. Halibut and salmon can be brought from the cold storage depôts in Prince Rupert and landed at Liverpool at an inclusive price of 9d. a pound. Before the war Canadian salmon kept in cold storage was purchasable in London at 1s. 6d. a pound;

which represents an excellent profit. Cod is brought over at a lower price still, and the supply is inexhaustible. What the trade needs for its development is more scientific and systematic fishing, which Lord Dunraven thinks should continue to be done by the Colonials. It would be a waste of force to send our men there. Then cold storage is wanted at certain ports on either side of the Atlantic. In his own words, "the industry in Newfoundland and, though not to the same extent, in Canada requires re-organisation on sound business lines, the conversion of a salt fish into a chilled fish trade, financial assistance to procure nets and fishing vessels and carriers." Surely it is unnecessary to dwell on the importance or the practicability of this scheme. It requires, however, the services of a Board of Fisheries, not one merely tagged on, as is the case at present, to the Board of Agriculture, but standing by itself with nothing to do except to overlook and improve this most important source of food supply. Yet for some reason the Government is holding back from the half promise made last year, and Lord Ernle stated in Parliament the other day that the way was not clear for the establishment of a separate Fisheries Board. It should be made so without any avoidable delay.

THE BALTIC BRIG.

Below the wa's oot-by Montrose
The tides ca' up an' doon,
An' mony a gallant mairchantman
Lies in aside the toon;
O it's fine along the tide-way
The loupin' waters rin,
Wi' a wind that's frae the Baltic, an' the brigs comin' in.

I'd gie the ring upon ma hand
To hide me frae the sea
That manes by nicht an' cries by day
The dule that's come to me;
For I'll hear nae mair the fit-fa',
When hame yon brigs may win,
O' a man that sailed the Baltic, nor his step comin' in.

An' noo the toon is fair asteer,
The weans rin doon the street,
An' I may turn ma face about
An' get me hame to greet;
There's sic a joy for a' folk
Ma tears wad be a sin,
For the wind is frae the Baltic—an' the brig comin' in!

VIOLET JACOB.

IT may be taken for granted that this year the discussion on the Estimates will have an actuality and fervour in contrast to the lackadaisical way in which large sums used to be voted in pre-war days. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has to find something between twelve hundred and thirteen hundred million pounds. Before the war and at its commencement it was common to hear people talking of the illimitable resources of this country, but a stern experience showed that the pocket was not inexhaustible. The burden now to be placed on the shoulder of the taxpayer will be very nearly insupportable, and a great many people fail to recognise how even a heavy Income Tax falls heavily upon industry. Take the large middle class of this country. The best and most prudent of them are in the habit of investing a certain amount of their income annually, and they do so mostly in industrial securities. But when, instead of having to pay, say, £70 or £80 of interest, they have to find £200 or over and meet heavy expenses in addition, it will be seen that they have not the surplus to feed industrial enterprise in the way they did before.

THE members of the Incorporated Law Society have taken a poll as to the "fusion" of the two branches of the legal profession, with the result that a resolution in favour of fusion was beaten by a majority of nearly two to one. This will probably come as something of a surprise to those members of the public who have followed the recent discussions on the subject. Most of the letters and speeches that we have lately read were strenuously in favour of fusion. Yet it seems that we were listening only to voices crying in the wilderness, and that the general mass of solicitors remains very tranquil on the subject. Nor is this perhaps greatly to be wondered at. The busy solicitor knows that, in addition to all his general work, he could not make time to acquire or practise the arts of a specialist, whether in advocacy or in any particular branch of legal knowledge.

At present when he wants a specialist he goes to Counsel—under a new dispensation he must seek a partner who specialised, or he must have recourse to a specialist member of another firm. He does not desire to shine forensically, nor is his vanity wounded by his being called a member of the "lower branch" of the profession. In short, he is very fairly content as he is.

[I]t is to be hoped that the important protest signed by Professor W. Boyd Dawkins, Professor J. Cossar Ewart and the other equally eminent men of science who are trustees of the British Museum will be supported by the public. The case is a very simple one. In a short time the Director of the British Museum will have to retire in accordance with the age limit, and there is a movement on foot to pass over the claims of scientific men and appoint a lay official who is at present Assistant Secretary. No doubt he is very efficient in his own place, but it is argued that the president of the Natural History Museum has hitherto been of great scientific eminence—Sir Richard Owen, Sir William Flower, Sir Ray Lankester and the present Director, Sir Lazarus Fletcher. The Director of the Museum has to represent natural history to the public, to other scientific institutions at home, in the Dominions and in foreign countries. Unless he does so with knowledge and authority, obviously he will lower the dignity of the office. It is unimaginable that the principal trustees, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons would be party to any scheme for appointing a layman over the heads of several most distinguished men of science.

HERTFORDSHIRE is taking a lead among the counties in many different directions. It has been decided to carry out what we have often advocated, the building of cottages for policemen and roadmen throughout the county. This will be a very great relief to the villages. It is proposed also to erect a County Council asylum for about one hundred patients and to acquire a convalescent home on the coast for children and nursing mothers. Land is to be bought for small holdings for discharged sailors and soldiers. An ambitious programme has also been drawn up for the improvement of the roads. There is in the county a total mileage of main roads of 1,249, of which 1,213 are maintained by the County Council. These roads carry a great deal of traffic, local and foreign, and the idea is to instal a plant of machinery for the purpose of keeping the roads in first-class condition. This, of course, cannot be done without funds, and the County Surveyor, Mr. J. S. Killick, estimates that over a quarter of a million will be required. It is a considerable sum, and one doubts the ability of the Government to provide it.

ETON, which has its own game of football, and Radley, playing, as a rule, the Association game, met a few days since for the first time at Rugby football, when the smaller school won a highly meritorious victory. It is a capital thing that Rugby football should thus afford a friendly means of meeting to schools that would otherwise be strangers, and the game is such a fine one that we rejoice to see its empire steadily spreading. It is a pity, however, that it should sometimes suffer from too much zeal on the part of its advocates. For instance, "A Headmaster," writing in the *Times*, went so far as to declare that an analysis of the records of the young officers who won the Military Cross or "died in an act of brilliant leadership" during the war would show that the "lion's share of honour" belonged to Rugby football players. Does he really mean to say that Eton, Harrow and Winchester, that have each their own games, or Charterhouse, Repton and Malvern, to mention only three of the schools that play Association, have produced markedly less gallant and efficient soldiers than the Rugby football playing schools? What of the men of the New Armies, hundreds of whom have made admirable officers? Though "Headmaster," in a flow of rhetoric, calls Rugby "the game of the Army," the Army, in point of fact, plays Association football, as anyone who has been in it would tell him.

WE have learned a great deal from Germany one way and another, as it may be well to remember, and a problem is coming up which the Germans found means to solve. This is the tendency to emigrate which has been evinced since the war ended. Within the four weeks that followed the signing of the Armistice over six thousand

enquiries were made at the Salvation Army Emigration Department, and an analysis of one thousand of these letters showed that they referred to the contemplated departure from this country of close on two thousand individuals, of which the majority were single adults, of whom there were 761. There were 556 married persons and sixty-four widows. There were 417 children under fourteen years of age and ninety-six over. It is surmised that more than a million people are prepared to emigrate. This is due in part to the accumulation during the years of war when they were not permitted to leave the country, and still more to the intimacy that has sprung up with Colonial soldiers, who have fascinated the young people at home with accounts of the greater openings in the Dominions. No doubt emigration to a certain extent is desirable in order that the Colonies may be more closely settled; but this country, as long as it remains the centre of the Empire, ought to maintain a population at the highest limit, and statesmen will do well to study the methods adopted by Germans to keep their sons at home.

BEFORE these words are in print it may well be that Nottingham City Council will have decided for or against the proposal to purchase Wollaton Hall. If the former is the case they will have set an excellent example to other provincial towns. Wollaton Hall is one of the most beautiful historic buildings and will be an object of pride to Nottingham for ever. It would make a magnificent museum, especially if the surrounding park were acquired as well, and it would be for the public good if the Nottingham City Council considered well what sort of museum to choose. The one most difficult to find is the museum in which are collected objects of interest from the immediate neighbourhood. The shire of Nottingham is renowned in history and tradition, and if the management of the museum were to concentrate on obtaining those heirlooms of antiquity which illuminate the history of the town and county the place would attract every intelligent student or visitor who came to the county. Such a place is very badly wanted in all the provincial centres of Great Britain. Museums, as a rule, are too ambitious, and they gather together objects of curiosity from Timbuctoo or Colorado, objects which ought to be in a central position for the whole country. It would be far better for each to be confined to relics of local interest.

TEWKESBURY.

The old town, the dream town, of legends long ago—
In its streets the people are going to-and-fro;
But there are those amongst them they do not see or know.

The White Rose and Red Rose fought here for England's crown.
But only the grey abbey of this old country town
Speaks of its ancient glories, and tells its past renown.

The proud face, the sad face of her who was a queen,
Came here from the lost battle, and still she rides unseen
Along the ghostly river, and weeps for what has been.

The years come, the years go with ruin and decay,
But still the half-light lingers of a departed day,
For this, though all else passes, shall never pass away.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

THE recommendation of the Family Endowment Committee that every mother should receive from public funds 12s. 6d. a week plus 5s. for her eldest child and 3s. 6d. for each of the others has drawn some interesting observations from the Agent-General for Quebec, where on a smaller scale the principle of State endowment of families has been put to the test. It is by no means unusual, says Colonel Pelletier, for a French-Canadian mother to have eighteen or twenty children, while in exceptional cases there is a quiverful of thirty-two. For some twenty years there was a law in the Province under which the parents of a family of twelve or more children received a free grant of 100 acres of land or, in the case of town dwellers, an equivalent in money. Though the population grew sturdily, the Agent-General does not attribute the large families to the law, for it was abolished some years ago without sensibly affecting the birth-rate. The chief factor he believes to be the definite teaching and influence of the Church, which has conserved the traditions of family life. That may quite well be so, but the influence of the Church would have effected little if it had not been economically possible to respond to it. Here in England the influence is on the right side, but so long as such counter-influences as bad housing and the like exist they will prevail.

AGRICULTURAL UNREST

SINCE the signing of the Armistice, agriculture has not been settling down to work with that concentration and persistency which are essential if the object, so universally avowed during the war, of making Great Britain as near as possible self-supporting in regard to food is to be achieved. The wave of restlessness which has swept over other industries has not failed to influence this one also. First of all, there is an unexpected tendency on the part of tenants to give up. This is not due altogether to any one reason. Some men have done so very well during the war that they are taking the opportunity of retiring from work. The farmer is proverbially timid about the future. He has learned, either from his own experience or that of his progenitors, that food supplies may pour into the country from abroad with such profusion as to bring down prices. He does not feel safe in regard to the future. Those especially who are growing elderly think "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and are to some extent clearing out while they are able to realise sufficient to meet the wants of old age. But others have taken fright at the demands of Labour. I have had conversations with many of them, and a few notes may help to show which way the wind is blowing.

Everywhere the farmers are complaining that the demands of the labourer have become unreasonable. The men have joined unions and do pretty well as they like, holding over the heads of their employers the threat to strike. One of the best farmers of this country, one who in pre-war days had the reputation of being the most liberal employer of labour in his neighbourhood, told me that things are becoming almost impossible. His is a very large mixed farm, on which is kept a good flock of pedigree sheep, while about sixty bullocks are fattened and sent to market every year, and the crops are the usual roots and cereals. There are eight ploughmen, each of whom used to be charged with the feeding and the care of his own horses. Shortly after Christmas the men, without previous notice, stopped work at one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, and on being asked why, said they were entitled to the half-day holiday. There was nothing to do but to submit, especially as they had delegated one of their number to feed and attend to the horses. But for the last two or three weeks this arrangement has ceased, and the farmer with his schoolboy son has had to fodder and bed the animals himself. The men are paid forty shillings a week and are supposed to work forty-eight hours in winter and fifty-six in summer. This farmer says that unless he can get them to enter into some new arrangement, it will be impossible to carry on. But no persuasion so far, nor the offer of extra wages for overtime, has been able to induce them to come and attend to the animals on Sundays. The shepherd and the stockman are old servants on the farm and, fortunately, they have not followed the example of the ploughmen, but the latter have forbidden them to do any work connected with their horses.

Another man who owns the 300 acres which he cultivates has not had trouble with his labourers previously, but they made up their minds to leave on Saturdays at four o'clock and, as he said with a smile, he made no objection, because he had expected that they would have stopped at one o'clock. In no circumstances, so they say, will they work after five o'clock in the evening, and they, too, object to overtime. Now, in the hay and corn harvest he says this would be ruinous, because on many days the stuff is just at the best for loading about five o'clock, and the most important part of the work used to be done between that hour and dusk. He pointed out with indignation that the regulations drawn up by the Wages Board treat the farm very much as though it were a factory. In the latter, fixed hours can be kept, whatever the weather may be. On the farm, severe loss must result unless the operation of the hour is performed exactly at the hour. He made no objection to the wages, but, on the contrary, held that an advance had become necessary if the men were to be maintained in anything like comfort and decency. The extra outlay, in his opinion, would not seriously militate against the profitability of farming. What he does object to is the reluctance—indeed, the absolute refusal—of the men to come on Sundays. He is mostly engaged in growing cereals, keeps no sheep and fattens only a few beasts, so that he has neither stockman nor shepherd. Therefore, if the labourers carry out their determination not to work on Sundays or late on any day of the week, he says he will have to sell the land for what it will fetch and give up the occupation of a lifetime.

A third farmer has given up a very good holding, although he is in the prime of life and has been doing well on it. His reason was not that there was any hostile combination, but

that he could not get labourers at all. There are only two cottages on the farm, and the nearest village is two miles away. Formerly the men used to go that distance, backwards and forwards. But now they can secure jobs much nearer their homes and refuse to make the journey. During the last year or two this difficulty has constantly pressed upon him, and he tried to get out of it by sub-letting part of the farm. But that did not prove satisfactory, and he has now given up entirely.

Another farmer, a very industrious, hard-working man, told me frankly that he had done very well in wartime, the most profitable of his possessions being a little herd of dairy cows. No doubt large dairy farms have suffered severely because on them the food had to a great extent to be purchased. But on the small dairy farm which was combined with arable farming, milk, at present prices, remains a very profitable commodity. But here there are no cottages at all on the farm, and it used to be the custom for the ploughmen to come a distance of about three miles. They no longer care to do this, and as there is very little casual labour to be had, carrying on the farm is almost impossible. He and the others express a very strong opinion that every landowner should be obliged by law to provide on each holding sufficient cottages for the absolutely necessary number of labourers. They argue that no landlord would dream of offering a farm unless it were provided with stables and outbuildings for horses and cattle and other livestock. The housing of men is just as essential as the housing of beasts, and not much attention is paid to the excuse that building is at the present moment very expensive. The lack of cottages has not grown up in a day or in a few hours. It existed before the war, and did not become an urgent grievance only because at villages more or less distant there were men who did not mind riding or cycling to their work. But the prosperity of the labourer has caused him to reject proposals of that kind now. There is another point. If a man is paid well it is thought reasonable that he should put his best work into the job before him. The man who has a long walk before he begins and after he finishes is never able to do that. He is almost bound to dawdle when he should be exerting himself to the utmost. In this way the rise of wages is giving birth to an agitation for obliging landowners to build cottages as part of the agricultural equipment of the farm.

On the other hand, a landowner who long before the war had recognised it as a duty to provide an ample supply of cottages on his estate tells me that he has recently had a completely new experience. Never in his life before has a holding remained a week unoccupied. No sooner did death or some other cause remove a tenant than there were a flock of applicants to succeed him. But several of his holdings, amounting to the best part of a thousand acres, were given up last year to be vacated at Michaelmas. There are no applications. No objection is made on the part of farmers to pay higher wages. They are in his neighbourhood at the present moment thirty-eight shillings a week, but will probably be raised, as the men are uniting to make new demands. But here, as elsewhere, it is found impossible to get men who will work on Sundays. Although these would scarcely be called dairy farms, each of them carries a small herd of cows; the profit from the dairying forms a considerable item in the income. It is the objection of men to coming on Sundays that is hindering those who know the district from taking the farms. They know that the trouble is very serious among the tenants who remain, and that most of them continue to make shift because they have been a long time on the same estate, have done well, and hope by one means or another to scrape through. But what will satisfy men who have been twenty or thirty years in the same place does not appeal so strongly to those who are entering on their career and naturally desire to have a clear road before them.

Those with whom these matters have been discussed say that the examples cited are not exceptional, but may be paralleled in nearly every district of agricultural England. During the war the agricultural boat got a great deal of way on it. It was going strong in spite of many drawbacks, even up to the end of the war. It is most essential for the welfare of the country that the energy thus developed should not be allowed to relapse. Yet that will happen unless these matters are fairly considered and a reasonable settlement arrived at. The outcry is for an enquiry by men who really understand the conditions under which husbandry is carried on. The labourers at the moment appear to be a little above themselves. They have gained a great deal in the strenuous, though partly silent struggle with their employers, but obviously if they carry out their policy to an extreme it will end by injuring themselves. Their reply to the farmers is an allegation that immense profits are being made out of land, and the more intelligent of them say that each farmer should be compelled to show an annual balance sheet. Against that there is little to be said; but the labourers may rest assured that when a farmer is brought to the point of giving up altogether, his balance sheet is not so satisfactory as they imagine. At any rate, the time urgently demands that these questions should be gone into thoroughly and fully with a view to arriving at a settlement satisfactory alike to master and man. Unless this is done, agriculture will become paralysed.

P. A. G.

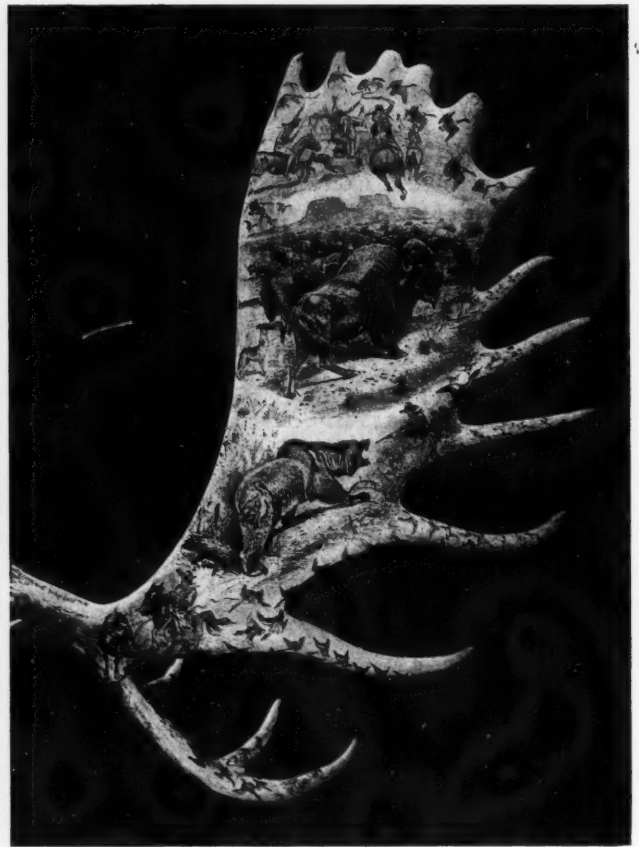
ORNAMENTED DEER HORNS



FRONT VIEW OF ALASKAN MOOSE HORNS ORNAMENTED WITH DESIGNS OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS AND MAMMALS.



BACK VIEW OF LEFT HORN OF MOOSE.



BACK VIEW OF RIGHT HORN OF MOOSE.

The ornamentation of deer horns was carried out to a small extent by the artists of France, Italy, Germany and Austria during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when trophies of the chase were appreciated to a higher degree than they are to-day. For the most part these designs were worked on a smooth whitened surface and then engraved and "inked" with representations of scenes of the chase mixed with scroll and other patterns. Sometimes, but more rarely, the skulls and bones of wild boars were used as a medium of reception,

and the late Lord Tweedmouth. Recently, however, Lieut.-Commander J. G. Millais has turned his attention to this branch of art and has executed modern designs on two heads, one of which is shown at his exhibition at the Fine Arts Society's Galleries which opened on February 19.

The first example is that of a large Alaskan moose head now in the possession of Mr. St. George Littledale at Bracknell. On its surface are worked numerous hunting scenes and all the principal birds and animals of the chase on the North American continent. Here are to be seen on both surfaces



HORNS OF HIGHLAND RED DEER ORNAMENTED WITH DESIGNS REPRESENTING ALL THE INCIDENTS THAT MAY OCCUR IN THE COURSE OF A DAY'S SCOTTISH DEER-STALKING. FRONT VIEW.

and at the famous International Hunting Exhibition at Vienna in 1910 we noticed a very beautiful old powder-horn, with fine designs, made from the shoulder-blades of an elk. Though a considerable number of these pictorial representations of the chase exist in the aforesaid countries, and are for the most part in the possession of the nobility, who attach to them a very high value, we have only seen two pairs of ornamented stags' heads of this period in this country, namely, those in the possession of Mr. W. A. Baillie Grohmann

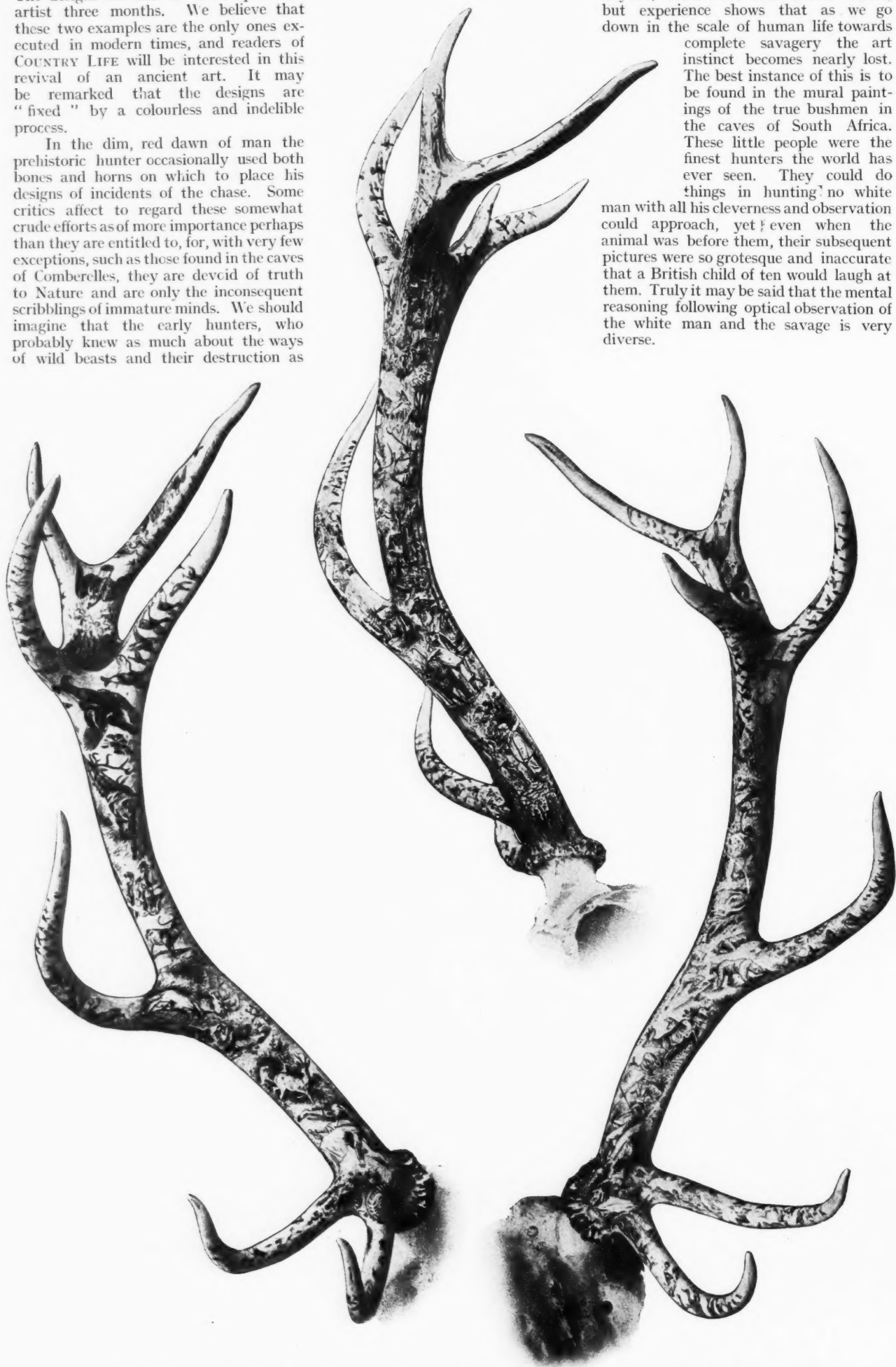
buffaloes, grizzly bear, moose, wapiti, mule and white-tailed deer, mountain sheep, foxes, wolves and many other animals, while most of the ducks and geese find a place. The work on this occupied four months.

The Highland stag's head—a splendid 15-pointer from the Island of Arran—has designs intended to show everything that is likely to occur in the course of a day's Scotch deer-stalking, with all its movements of man and beast. The birds of moor, mountain, river and loch are also not forgotten.

The designs on this head occupied the artist three months. We believe that these two examples are the only ones executed in modern times, and readers of COUNTRY LIFE will be interested in this revival of an ancient art. It may be remarked that the designs are "fixed" by a colourless and indelible process.

In the dim, red dawn of man the prehistoric hunter occasionally used both bones and horns on which to place his designs of incidents of the chase. Some critics affect to regard these somewhat crude efforts as of more importance perhaps than they are entitled to, for, with very few exceptions, such as those found in the caves of Comberlles, they are devoid of truth to Nature and are only the inconsequent scribbles of immature minds. We should imagine that the early hunters, who probably knew as much about the ways of wild beasts and their destruction as

anyone, would have been better artists, but experience shows that as we go down in the scale of human life towards complete savagery the art instinct becomes nearly lost. The best instance of this is to be found in the mural paintings of the true bushmen in the caves of South Africa. These little people were the finest hunters the world has ever seen. They could do things in hunting no white man with all his cleverness and observation could approach, yet even when the animal was before them, their subsequent pictures were so grotesque and inaccurate that a British child of ten would laugh at them. Truly it may be said that the mental reasoning following optical observation of the white man and the savage is very diverse.



DETAILS OF DESIGNS ON RED DEER HORNS EXECUTED BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER MILLAIS.

LETTERS OF A BUMBOAT WOMAN.—I

CATAPULT is a 26-foot motor launch, and before August 4th, 1914, she looked and behaved like a perfect lady. Since then she has run seven thousand miles in most weathers, and her complexion and deportment are not what they were; but *Catapult* has forgotten what deportment means, and what she has lost in varnish she has gained in wisdom and understanding, for during the last four years—and a bit—*Catapult* has worked as a bumboat.

It happened like this: her owner is an enthusiastic yachtsman of the type that scorns paid hands, goes round the world before the mast for fun, and for choice explores the Zuyder Zee in a small sailing boat, with a white bull-terrier for crew; one of those men who are born to be honorary uncles, and to be bullied by their dogs; "Uncle" is his name and I am an honorary niece. Unfortunately, when war broke out, his sea-going days were over, and he was something of a crock, but the right job sometimes finds the right man, and within ten days of the outbreak of war Uncle had become a bumboat man.

Catapult's home port is a harbour in the south of England, and outside, about two miles off shore, a division of destroyers and patrol boats has had its anchorage during the war. The first of them appeared on August 4th, and a few days later *Catapult*, with Uncle and a couple of nieces for crew, went off to have a look at them. We took a few newspapers with us, I fear rather as an excuse for going alongside and indulging our curiosity, but also because we knew it was unlikely the destroyers could get papers. We were right; and there was so much competition for them that next day we took out more, and an exceedingly polite lieutenant—in command of T.B.D.—confided to *Catapult's* crew that he'd run out of tooth paste, and if we did happen to come off next day he would be everlastingly grateful if *Catapult* would bring off a tin! After that, half the crew remembered crying needs—cigarettes, fish-hooks, violin strings and writing pads, onions for the cook and milk for the ship's kitten.

The following day we took quite a heavy cargo—hampers of apples and bananas as well as "orders," and Lieutenant's tooth paste.

Once started, it was almost impossible to stop. Within a week "The Apple Boat" had become an established fact, and the ships simply took us as a matter of course, though they were a bit mystified as to the correct attitude towards *Catapult's* skipper and crew. The crew were always addressed by R.N. seamen with extreme correctness, as "Miss"; when we became old friends as "Missy" (though, for some unknown reason, the trawlers often called us "Meary" indiscriminately). This continues until this day, though both of the regular crew are now elderly married ladies, and a new generation of bumboat women is growing up. But Uncle was more of a problem; the officers called him "Sir"; on the other hand, he was so obviously a man and a brother that the crew felt this to be hardly friendly enough, so they compromised; when the wardroom was within hearing he was "Sir," otherwise the crew addressed him affectionately and indiscriminately as "Dad," "George" (his name being Charles), "Skipper," "Mate," "Boss," and, most of all, "Uncle."

At first we looked on the whole thing as a few days' joke, but quite soon it dawned on us that, as the little ships never saw harbour for at least seven days, and no going ashore was allowed during the brief periods of so-called rest at the anchorage, the cooks really depended on us for onions, the kittens for milk, and the men for their papers and the hundred and one odd things that they asked for and we brought out—all very small things, but the sum total really did help to make an exceedingly hard time a trifle less wearisome.

So we decided forthwith that *Catapult* should become a regular bumboat, with carefully selected nieces, warranted seaworthy for crew, and a friend of Uncle's, also unfit for a more strenuous job, as store-keeper and "opposite number" to the nieces.

Before we had been bumboating many weeks a dreadful thing happened. Admiralty orders were issued strictly regulating coastal traffic of all kinds and, incidentally, making it impossible for private boats to go beyond a certain buoy outside our little harbour or to "approach H.M.'s ships of war," much less sell them violin strings and the morning papers.

It was a horrible affair, and *Catapult's* crew and the kittens and cooks of His Majesty's T.B.D.s were all nearly in tears; but the Commodore of the flotilla—a really nice person who always had fenders out for *Catapult* on bad days—sent in a pathetic appeal to Authority on behalf of the kittens and

cooks and his own *Morning Post*. This resulted in Uncle receiving a document which made us feel most important, appointing *Catapult* a sort of official bumboat and postman to the flotilla, with permission to fly a red burgee for identification purposes.

By September *Catapult* had settled into her regular routine—we little thought it was to last four years and more. So long as the weather allowed us to lay alongside the destroyers we went out, the time depending on the tide, but as far as possible at about 10 a.m. We got back when all the "Children" were fed. This meant anything from 1.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Among ourselves the "crew" of *Catapult* generally referred to the ships, their officers and men, as "The Children," and felt, and I fear behaved, exactly as if the whole flotilla belonged to us.

Sometimes the first T.B.D. we went alongside would be getting up anchor and just off, and for a lurid five minutes *Catapult's* crew would fall over each other and everything else, and bump their heads together in the apple and egg baskets, in their hurry to get what everyone wanted before the ship went ahead.

The weather does not always help when you are in a hurry either. It is a good stretch up from little *Catapult* to the deck of even an old destroyer, and there is one kind of day when you may hand a man half a dozen eggs as the launch comes up on a wave, take his money when she rises on the next, get half the sea down the back of your neck at the third and give him his change on the fourth.

From the deck above comes an agitated chorus something like this: "*Mirror*, please, miss, *Mail*, please, *Chronicle*, please," "Arf a dozen woodbines, please," "'Ere's your change, missy," "Got my kippers?" "Foranges I asks for, missy, not heggs," "'Ere, sir, the young lady's give me too much change, tike it, will yer, she's got 'er 'ands full," "Cap'n's compliments an' 'ave you got the *Telegraph*, miss?" "'Ow much is two eggs at tuppence 'apenny, a *Mirror*, two bars o' chocolate and four packets o' Gold Flake from five shillings, missy?" "'Ere, I'll do it for yer. Cooky wants to know if you've remembered 'is sack of onions, sir," etc., etc., etc. In the middle of which a voice says: "Very sorry, sir, but Cap'n says will you be as quick as possible, as he's waiting to proceed ahead?"

Just as we cast off, bells ring and the propellers churn, a large tattooed fist holding a bowl is thrust out of a passing scuttle and a voice from the depths says: "Penn'oth o' milk for the cat, missy, quick." By a miracle I return the bowl with the milk and do not go overboard myself, and H.M.S. A—goes ahead; her skipper waves from the bridge, while "Jack," the ship's Labrador, barks wildly from the stern, and the crew of *Catapult* collapse panting into the nearest apple basket. We had to sit on the apples because all other space was occupied. "Lulu," the bulldog, once sat in the egg basket by mistake—and eggs at five shillings a dozen, too!

The next boat was perhaps in for the morning, with a generally calm and restful air about her. If it was a cold, wet day, her skipper, a hospitable soul and quite an old friend, would ask us to come aboard and warm up when business was finished, and while it was still going on, leant on the rail and made caustic comments on our arithmetic. None of *Catapult's* crew was strong at change; in fact, it was quite as often wrong as not, and we usually simplified matters by making our clients do the sums.

Business over, we went aboard. Our flotilla was not well found in ladders, and it saved time and energy to stand on *Catapult's* rail with a hand on Uncle's shoulder, or in his hair, as convenient, put your knee on one of T.B.D.'s fat fenders, catch the hand the skipper held out—and there you were.

Sometimes we took a handful of chestnuts out of the stock—to roast at the wardroom stove. After two or three hours in little wet, cold *Catapult* it was heavenly to sit in the big leather armchairs toasting our toes and munching chestnuts, while tobacco smoke and discussions circled round our heads in clouds, and the skipper showed us the latest photographs of his "missus" and daughter—the latter aged six months. The "Crew" took a great interest in all the families, especially babies, and appreciated being shown their photographs very much, because people never show you pictures of their wives and babies unless they consider you an understanding person.

The discussions were generally "shop," which *Catapult's* crew loved listening to; we even refrained from conversing ourselves much for fear of switching off the combatants.

Almost everyone can be interesting about his or her own job—unless it is golf or housekeeping—and when the job is ships and the sea and the talk mostly reminiscences, it is perfectly fascinating. Often the second in command would be R.N.R., and he and Uncle told tales of sailing ships, the gunner would be "old" Navy (an old dear, too, very often) and discoursed on the old Navy, and the Lieutenant in command "New," and everybody argued and most people talked at once, and the crew of *Catapull* curled up in their big chairs and listened with all their ears and eyes.

This peaceful interlude would be abruptly ended by the entrance of an apologetic *matelot* with a signal from H.M.S. *Ragbag* (*Catapull*'s unkind name for a particularly ancient and disreputable old T.B.D.), asking us to come alongside, as they were pushing off in fifteen minutes. We hurriedly returned to business, "did" H.M.S. *Ragbag*, three more destroyers, and a couple of armed tugs, then "proceeded" to the other end of the anchorage where several ancient, highly unreliable, and affable submarines made their temporary home. Owing to circumstances over which they had no control, this division did not make long trips, but when out they were particularly uncomfortable, and liked a few delicate attentions, such as eggs for tea, apples, cigarettes, buns and papers.

Weather permitting, *Catapull* went alongside Z1, an old friend and well up in the correct method of receiving the bumboat: not an easy matter when there is a bit of a "lop" on. As we came up the "coxon" caught our line and made fast, while a hand kept her clear with a boat-hook and another

took the stern line. Someone else put his head down the conning tower and shouted: "Bumboat alongside, sir," which information resulted in the appearance of the skipper, No. 1 and the rest of the crew.

A Drury Lane audience might not have recognised the costume of skipper and No. 1 as that of the proverbial "smart" naval officer. It consisted largely of an accumulation of sweaters worn over tired-looking grey flannels and heavy sea-boots (if you go overboard in them you drown, but meanwhile they keep you moderately dry). But *Catapull* was used to this get-up, and on the whole, I think, preferred it, and in winter, so far as sweaters and mufflers and sea-boots went, her crew's own attire was much the same. When, after some months of sweated and sea-booted acquaintance afloat, we and some of our clients met for the first time at lunch ashore, we all felt quite shy at finding each other so clean and respectable.

We handed out Z1's requirements and passed the time of day, then cast off and went on to the remaining two boats. The crews of these were already waiting hungrily on deck, and finished up all that was left of our cargo—to the last Woodbine. In fact, there were a few personalities on the megaphone between their skippers because Y6 had "pinched" all the remaining buns. By this time it was nearly three o'clock and the skipper and crew of *Catapull* were feeling almost as empty as the boat. In fact, the crew had shared the last bun with the No. 1 of Y6, and even the memory of that had faded. So, "the children" all fed, we made for harbour and our belated lunch.

THE CREW.

DEMOBILISING THE HORSE



THE Army's demobilisation of horses goes on apace, and I hear officially that 42,802 animals of war had some weeks ago passed from military into civilian ownership. Of these animals, 41,506 are horses, and they have brought the big sum of £1,251,581 18s. 7d. into the National Exchequer. The average, therefore, per horse is £30 3s. 1d. A total of 1,296 mules had been sold in this country for £19,926 4s. 2d., at an average price of £15 7s. 6d. The top price for a horse is the 250 guineas which Messrs. Schweppes paid for an extremely handsome American-bred heavy draught gelding of the Percheron type. The top price for a mule is the 105 guineas paid by Mr. J. B. Joel for a very fine grey, which, as recently as last December, I was privileged to see at work in the transport of the Romsey Remount Depot. It is obvious, therefore, that as against these instances of big prices many have sold for very low figures. This, indeed, was inevitable. We have to bear in mind that a good many animals surplus to Army requirements were war-worn, and that, therefore, they could not be expected to command the prices of young and fresh animals. It was a fact, too, that the Army had no longer any use for certain types which are not sought after for the humdrum pursuits of peace.

It has been made quite clear that the heavy draught horse has been first and foremost in demand. He was wanted for agriculture, heavy haulage in the cities and towns, and for industry generally. The demand is still far from being satisfied, which shows at once to what a low ebb the heavy horse population had been reduced by the steady drain of the Army requirements during the years of war. The clean-legged Percheron-bred horse from America has found great favour, which must have heartened

those pioneers who have brought the latest horse-breeding society into existence. But Shires and Clydesdales were promptly snapped up for good money if they were sound and had some years of work in front of them.

If there has been any slump in the real meaning of that expression, then we must make the riding horse responsible—not the charger with hunter characteristics or the cob of polo pony type, but the "rider" with no particular attributes as regards conformation or hunting prospects. The "rider" is rather to be pitied. No one really wants him. He is not good enough for hunting. He may have carried an infantry officer or transport officer on service, he may have served his days in the cavalry or artillery riding-schools, but his usefulness has passed away with the end of his Army service. He is not stout and substantial enough for serious draught purposes. What, then, can be done with him? The fact that no satisfactory answer can be returned does not help the authorities in their disposal of him. He has to go, on demobilisation, for the best price anybody will give for him. Hence, therefore, the big part he has played in bringing down the average price of horses sold, for it must be understood that there were many of his kind to sell in England. It was in England and Ireland that the depôts of the Reserve Cavalry Regiments were situated.

Next we come to the light draught horses of the sort that have been utilised for the Field and Horse Artillery. They are of the type known in civilian life as "light vanners," and they have been making from £30 to £35 a head. Heavy draught horses have been making on an average from £40 to £50 apiece, though the special sales at Tattersall's in London have shown that there is real competition for the best of their kind. For

really good riding cobs and chargers the supply in no way meets the demand. In this connection I am reminded that at Leicester 87 cobs averaged £68 8s. 4d. and 35 chargers averaged £77 4s. 2d., the top price being 200 guineas. Where are the remaining good cobs and chargers which we are assured still exist in Army ownership? I am informed they are still with the Army of Occupation, and that they will not become available until after Peace has been ratified and demobilisation becomes a reality in every sense of the word.

Quite recently I had an opportunity of visiting the big Remount Depôts at Swaythling and Romsey, and in order to extend my knowledge of these depôts and at the same time see some of the horses now being repatriated from France, I gladly availed myself of the invitation of the Director of Remounts to visit Ormskirk Depôt, the Commanding Officer of which is Colonel Gerald Hobson, C.M.G., D.S.O. He is a 12th Lancer man with a reputation for excellent horsemanship and a thorough understanding of horse management. His big depôt is a model of clever organisation and cleanliness, and something of the great part it has filled since 1914 may be gathered from the fact that up to the Armistice being signed it had received 263,000 animals and passed out 260,000! And what a passing out it has been! Practically all those taken in were received from ships arriving at Liverpool from America, and then they were sent out again to other depôts, various units, and some direct overseas *via* Swaythling. Up to ten squadrons, each capable of handling 500 horses at one time, have been kept going at top pressure for over four years, in order that the Armies on active service should never starve for horses and mules to keep them mobile.

The squadrons are grouped in Lord Lathom's park at Ormskirk, and, I daresay, were it necessary to lay out the camp again, it would not be designed on the straggling lines which have characterised it. The effect may not be bad in keeping horses isolated in squadrons, but, compared with the closer grouping at Swaythling and Romsey, the task of administration and general supervision must have been made harder than it otherwise would have been. On the occasion of my visit I saw heavy draughts, light draughts and "riders" just repatriated from France and undergoing a quarantine period of two weeks. They had been trained up from Southampton, the port of landing from France, and, though showing certain effects of their travels, they were undoubtedly doing well in their preparation for sale at Ormskirk or at various centres in the Northern and Western Commands. The "riders," I understand, were of rather better class than have recently been sold in this country, but the War Office would certainly be well advised to see to it that its representatives in France should only select the best available for repatriation. Far better that they should send back none at all than plaster this country with undesirable "riders." The present surfeit shows the importance of this.

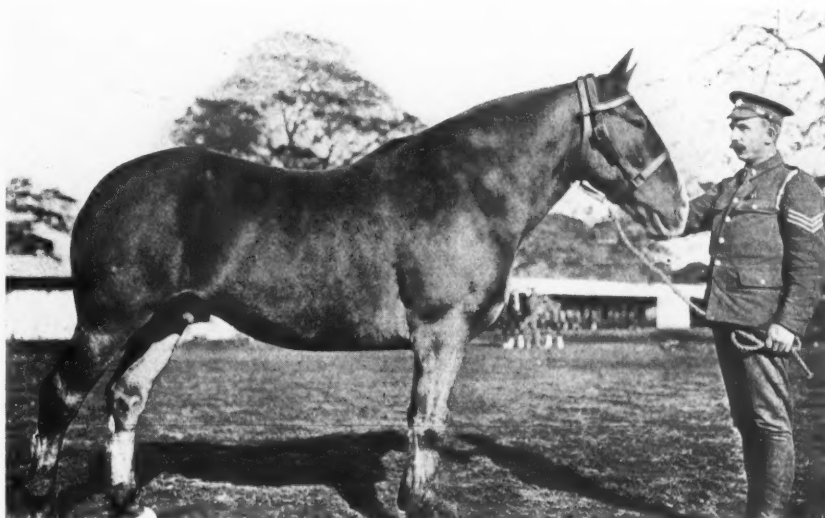
The light draughts were good, average horses, and the heavies were distinctly saleable. It was during this visit that I saw half a dozen mares which had been selected by the Board of Agriculture to be placed with "custodians," as they are called, for breeding purposes. They are given to the custodians on the understanding that they are mated each year with approved sires, the idea being that they shall breed horses suitable for military purposes. Now, the War Office has made it quite clear that it only wants active and clean-legged draught horses, and the Board of Agriculture has, of necessity, to keep this objective in view. Their selection, therefore, has been made on this clear and well defined ground. The mares I saw were admirable of this type. They were strong, robust and active gunners of a sort which the agriculturist would find useful, and they looked like brood mares. But there were also many others which had been discarded, but which seemed just as good as those

selected. I wondered why so many had been placed on one side, and, on pressing my enquiries in other quarters, I was assured that the Board of Agriculture is not quite sure of its policy and is, therefore, adventuring only warily. It is regarding the matter as something of an experiment, and is, therefore, proceeding with what almost amounts to ultra-caution.

Now arises the question: How is it proposed to mate these mares? If they are out to produce a clean-legged, active



A HANDSOME PAIR OF PERCHERON-BRED LIGHT DRAUGHT HORSES TRAINED AT ORMSKIRK REMOUNT DEPOT.



AN AMERICAN PERCHERON HEAVY DRAUGHT HORSE.



A TEAM OF AMERICAN HORSES AT ORMSKIRK REMOUNT DEPOT.

horse it is obvious that the Shire horse is not the one to use. In the same way, one would hardly think a thoroughbred is ideal, since the progeny would almost certainly be too light for serious artillery purposes. It follows, therefore, that a clean-legged breed must be selected, and this may explain the favour with which the War Office has hailed the arrival in this country of Percheron draught horses under the auspices of the British Percheron Horse Society.

HERBERT PRATT.



THIS is a very pleasant and familiar type of late seventeenth century house with its well proportioned recessed front, good eaves cornices, hipped roofs and dormers all rising up well to the fine central chimney, a type almost as truly English as our later Georgian houses, the like of which no other country can show. Houses of a similar plan can be found all over England, varying in size and according to the local building materials, and one of the most beautiful examples, Clifford Chambers, near Stratford-on-Avon, with a stone tiled roof, was burnt down only a short while ago; but they are probably more typical of Hampshire than of most counties, and there are other examples in the neighbourhood of Winchester. Generally they lie low among their trees and green meadows, but Lainston is remarkable by virtue of its wonderful situation and the way in which advantage has been taken of the fine site. It stands, backed by woods, among old tall trees almost on the top of the Downs to the north-west of Winchester, up some 350ft., and from the garden front of the house there stretches a splendid avenue of noble lime trees about three quarters of a mile long, sweeping down the hillside and carrying the eye along it to the rolling country and blue distance beyond over in the direction of Selborne and Petersfield.

The green space between the trees of the avenue is 120ft. wide, and it has been so boldly planted on either hand, behind the lime trees, that it has almost the effect of a belt of forest from a distance. Originally the planting was all formal, with first the avenue of limes, then rows of Scotch firs and, on the outside of all, groups of beech trees with cedars in between. But now only the limes have kept their ranks: the firs have mostly died out, and the beeches and cedars have grown great and become mixed with underwood and interlopers, so that it is like walking in a wood on entering by the side paths through the yew groves with which the avenue terminates when it reaches the high road at its lower end.

It stops some 600ft. short of the house, and the rising space between was once laid out in terraces and steps with a large circular pool at the end. Now only the outlines are to be seen under the turf, and the pond was doubtless given up from the difficulty of keeping it filled at such a height. It may have been fed by the rain-water from the roofs of the house, but more probably it was merely a dew-pond like those turf-lined and clay-puddled excavations in the chalk met with high up on the bare Downs, which keep a mysterious supply of water for the sheep, gathered almost entirely from the evaporation of the night air. If





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LAINSTON HOUSE: THE RUINED CHURCH.

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only it could be restored now that a regular water supply is available, it would add wonderfully to the already beautiful scene from the terrace in front of the house by reflecting the sky and giving still more the feeling of being up in the air.

The avenue has never been used as a drive; the lane to the village of Sparsholt crosses it about midway, and then climbs the hill by the side of it at a respectful distance, and the drive to Lainston branches off above the house, and leads at right angles to the entrance on the west side. Here the good lay-out of the site is again noticeable; there is a fine symmetrical forecourt entered by iron gates, facing the front door and hung between stout circular gate piers with bands of brickwork and flint, and on either hand are red brick arcades which mask the low office buildings on the north side and the greenhouses on the south. Outside the forecourt gates, on the same central line as the house and great avenue, is a short avenue which leads to the charming clairvoyé ironwork entrance to the walled garden, a feature which is generally relegated to some odd and distant position, with no relation whatever to the house to which it belongs. Here, though unobtrusive, the garden can be felt to be part of the general scheme, and in itself it is unusual, being hexagonal in plan, so that the high red brick walls afford every variety of aspect to the wall-fruit within. The central idea is carried through it by the wide gravel path bordered with flowers, with a sundial in the centre, leading to lesser iron gates at the far end and through them to a walk through a wood, making a well thought out whole of over a mile in length.

As to the building of the present house, and which of its owners did the fine planning and planting of the ground there is no record. In very early days Lainston formed part of the gift of lands bequeathed to the Old Minister of Winchester in 646 by the Saxon King Cynegil, whose bones, mixed with those of Hardicanute, Queen Emma, and other early rulers, still lie in one of the curious mortuary chests which rest on the top of the stone side screens of the sanctuary of the present cathedral. A house must have stood on the same site for many hundreds of years, for it is mentioned in "Record of the Taxation of the Tenth and Fifteenth in Hampshire" in the year 1334, when it was assessed at "£XIII-3-III," and also in still older legal records. It is a manor and, oddly enough, a separate parish with its own church and rector, though only half a mile from the village church of Sparsholt.

The present house appears at first sight to be all of one period, for the sash windows and eaves cornices continue the same all round; but on the avenue front there are traces of an earlier house



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THE KITCHEN GARDEN GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ONE OF THE ARCADES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in a stone string-course of Gothic section, stone mullion windows of Elizabethan date in the basement, and the plinths and inner angles of the gables are done in stone instead of in brick as on the west and south sides. The quoins are a curious feature of the house, for the projecting gables on the front have brick quoins on their outer angles, but none on their inner, and the garden gables have rusticated brickwork on one side and stone quoins on the other.

There are, unfortunately, no dates to be found on the old lead rain-water heads or elsewhere, but the tradition that it was a building at the same time as the "King's House" in Winchester may be correct. King Charles II's fondness for Winchester, and the prospect of a new royal residence in their midst evidently gave an impetus to building in the town and neighbourhood among the citizens and county families. The King's Palace was begun early in 1683 from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, who had just completed the rebuilding of the palace of Wolvesey in the town for Bishop Morley, a beautiful fragment of which still remains. It was to have been a splendid affair with a west front 330ft. long, and a crystal cupola on top to be seen by the ships at sea; a fine terraced garden was projected and a street 200ft. wide, with houses for members of the Court, leading down to the west end of the cathedral, and had it only been carried out, Winchester would have been a still more interesting town than it is. But the King died in 1685 and, after an expenditure of £26,000, the unfinished buildings were roofed in and used as a home for French refugees, a military prison and, finally, as barracks, until they were burnt down some thirty years ago, none too soon from a sanitary point of view. It was a long monotonous building of good brickwork with Portland stone dressings, with a low-pitched slate roof, redeemed by the fine central feature with its four and twenty tall Corinthian columns, with driveways through the building on either side of the central hall, and this portion was rebuilt in the same position in the new barracks when they were reconstructed by the War Office after the fire. The Grand Duke of Tuscany sent the King some fine pillars of Italian marble which were to have been used in the grand staircase; these, after lying there on the ground for thirty-five years were presented by George I to the Duke of Bolton

for his house at Hackwood Park near Basingstoke.

The owner of Lainston at this time was a Henry Dawley, whose grandfather had bought the property from the family of Skilling in 1623; he succeeded to the estate in 1654 and lived there till 1703, so it was probably he who built the entrance front and brought the rest of the house up to the then date. But the side arcades of the forecourt are of a later period than the house, although they harmonise so well with it, and may have been added when Lainston was bought by John Merrill in 1721; and it seems probable that, together with the forecourt, he must have built the great octagonal dovecot with seating for 800 in little chalk cells round the walls inside, and the hexagonal walled garden and planted the long avenue. He was a man of means, son of a London goldsmith of an Essex family, and he presented a standing paten, or bread-holder, to St. Peter's Lainston Church in 1723, which bears the mark of the famous goldsmith, Paul Lamerie. His wife was Susanna Chudleigh, aunt of the beautiful Elizabeth (Swift's "Ælia Lælia Chudleigh"), who had the distinction of being simultaneously Marchioness of Bristol and Duchess of Kingston, and who started her bigamous career in the little church of Lainston, the roofless walls of which still stand a short way from the south side of the house.

Lainston is a separate civil and ecclesiastical parish of 120 acres, the boundary cutting the avenue in half, and the existence of a separate parish church belonging to the house of Lainston, and its few dependent cottages, only a short way from the village church of Sparsholt, is very extraordinary and has given rise to many theories. It was in use up to 1854, when the lead on the roof was taken off and sold to a builder, and it has generally been held together with the village living of Sparsholt, though not necessarily; for the latter is a vicarage in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and Lainston is a rectory in the gift of the owners of the house, and special dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury is required to allow the same person to hold the two livings.

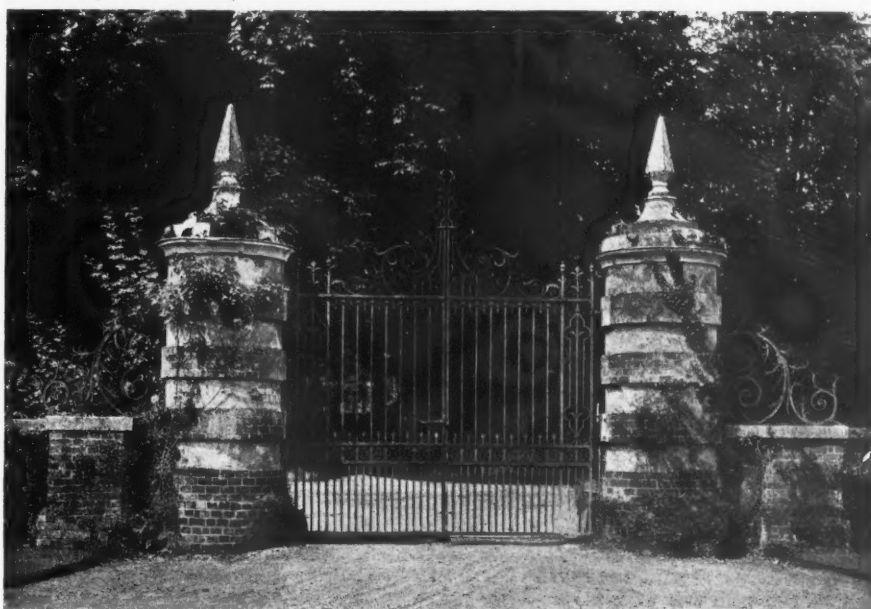
The most likely explanation of this curious state of affairs is to be found in a mediæval quarrel between neighbours, the legal papers of which are still extant (Cur., Reg., R. No. 65). Godfrey de Caritate, the owner of Lainston in the reign of Henry II, does not appear, in spite of his name, to have lived in love and charity with his neighbours, for he brought a law-suit for trespass against the family that took the name of Sparsholt, and the lands held by the de Caritate family seem to have been separated from the parish of Sparsholt about the year 1200 and to have become the Manor of Lainston. The eleventh



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LAINSTON HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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juror in the suit stated that Godfrey de Caritate had built a church of stone in his grounds upon the traditional site of a wooden chapel, and this is probably the ruin that still remains. It may have been merely an act of piety on his part, but it looks as if he had shaken the dust of Sparsholt from his feet and had determined to be spiritually self-supporting.

The traceries of the windows are gone, with the exception of the one at the west end, which is Tudor in period; but there remain two small round arched doorways in the north and south walls which may be of the required period, though they look rather earlier than 1200. The probabilities, however, are that this is the church mentioned by the eleventh juror. Within the walls lie the gravestones of some of the former owners of the house, but they have been turfed over to keep them from the weather, and nothing now is to be seen inside except the old octagonal stone font bowl and the stoup for holy water at the north door. Among the grave-slabs is one with this inscription:

Here lyes interred the Body of Susanna Chudleigh, the daughter of Sir Richard Strode, of Newingham, in the County of Devon, by his wife Ann Drake, the daughter of Sir John Drake, of Ash, in the same County, Bart. She was married to Hugh Chudleigh, Esq., son of Sir George Chudleigh, of Ashton, in the said County of Devon, Bart., by whom she had three sons and four daughters, and dyed the 27th of January, 1716, in the 61st year of Her Age.

Also near this place is buried Mr. Chudleigh, her husband, who dyed the 20th of October, 1707, in the 63rd year of his age. Removed from St. Martin's, Westminster, upon rebuilding that Church. Deposited here, Jan. 23, 1724. These were the grandparents of Elizabeth, and their son, Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, who fought under Marlborough and was given the post of Governor of Chelsea Hospital, was her father.

She lived at Chelsea till her father's death, when she was about six years old, and the child, Horace Walpole, played games with her there in the gardens and renewed his old acquaintance when, at the age of twenty-one, she got the appointment of Maid of Honour to Augusta Princess of Wales, daughter-in-law of George II, through the interest of Lord Pulteney.

At Court she was a great success; for, although penniless, she was clever and amusing and very beautiful, and the Princess became greatly attached to her. She soon became engaged to the young Duke of Hamilton, helped, oddly enough, by the Duke's aunt, the notorious Lady Archie Hamilton, who was afraid that Elizabeth was going to supplant herself in the favours of the Prince of Wales. When the Duke left England on the then indispensable Grand Tour, Miss Chudleigh left the Court and went to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Hamner, who was living at Lainston with some relations,

the Merrills, who owned the place at that time. Whether she or the Duke broke off the engagement is not known, but, while at Lainston, Miss Chudleigh met a young naval lieutenant at Winchester Races, the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, a grandson of the Earl of Bristol, and was married to him secretly in the little church of Lainston at eleven o'clock at night by Mr. Amis, the rector.

It seems an unaccountable proceeding for a lady who had ducal prospects; Hervey was some three years her junior, and the youngest son of a younger son with no prospects at that time of succeeding to the title, and with no means beyond his pay, and she would have lost her place as Maid of Honour had her marriage become known; let alone that she, apparently, could not abide her man. Two days later he went back to his ship, the *Cornwall*, at Plymouth, and sailed for the West Indies in November, and she returned to Court as Miss Chudleigh and heard nothing more of him for two years. When he got back to England she refused to meet him, and only consented when he threatened to publish their marriage. Matters later on were complicated by the birth of a son, but it does not appear to have been found out; the child died when a few months old and she still went on as Miss Chudleigh. She continued a great attraction at Court, refused many offers of marriage, and made a conquest of the Duke of Kingston, who adored her—"The Duke's Poplolly," as she is politely described by Creevy in one of his letters.

She obtained an ecclesiastical decree of "Jactation of Marriage" from Hervey in 1769 and married the Duke a month later, when she must have been getting on for fifty, and it was after this that her first husband, through a sequence of deaths, became Earl of Bristol. After four years of great splendour in London and at Thoresby, the Duke died and left her all his property. His nephew and heir, Mr. Evelyn Meadows, hoped to upset this by proving her guilty of bigamy; the first marriage was raked up, the act of Jactation was declared null and void and the Duchess was convicted of bigamy after a five days' trial in Westminster Hall by the Peers, 120 of whom sat in judgment upon her, with only one dissident, the Duke of Newcastle. The penalty for bigamy at that time was death, with a few unpleasant alternatives, but she claimed the benefit of the Peerage, was pronounced to be Countess of Bristol and immediately discharged.

Her prosecutor then obtained a writ for her arrest and the deprivation of her personal property. She met this new danger promptly by sending out invitations to a grand dinner-party at Kingston House, her carriage appearing in all the



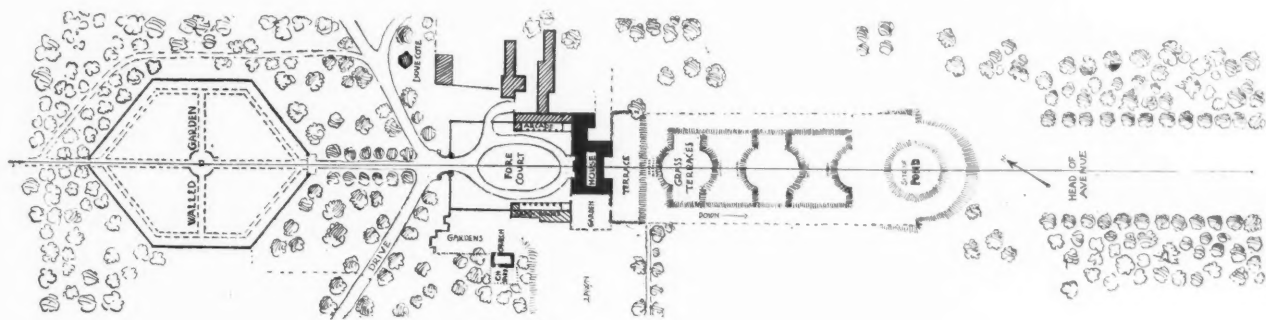
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fashionable quarters of London, while she herself drove post-haste down to Dover and crossed over to France in her private yacht. Mr. Meadows next attacked the will of the late Duke, but it was so carefully drawn up that it was confirmed, and he was ruined by the legal costs incurred.

The Countess-Duchess never returned to England; she lived in great state in Italy, Russia and France as Duchess of Kingston, and bought a £25,000 estate near Petrograd, which bears the name of Chudleigh to this day, where she gave magnificent entertainments with as many as 140 of her own menservants in the Kingston livery of black turned up with scarlet and silver. She propitiated the Empress Catherine with a gift of old masters from Kingston House

up to London for the trial and was never returned, and a new one had to be started. The descendants of the same firm of solicitors still continue in practice, so there is yet the chance of an interesting discovery among musty old documents, though it is hardly probable after the lapse of nearly 150 years.

Very little remains of the original interior fittings of the house, but there is one bedroom left, with large panels on the walls and the old mantelpiece, and the fine staircase, divided from the passage by a screen of fluted Corinthian pillars, will be admired for its good lines and workmanship. The nosings of the treads have a double return at the sides, forming a square panel above each carved bracket, and both treads and landings have bands of inlay.



LAINSTON HOUSE: GENERAL PLAN.

for the Galleries of the Hermitage (where are those masters now?) and became her close friend. She also gave the Empress an armed corvette built of Spanish mahogany; but it got wrecked on the way out and the only relics of it are the cannons which still remain in the gardens of Chudleigh, near Petrograd.

In Paris she bought an estate at Montmartre, and also the great Royal Chateau of St. Assise, which cost her £55,000 and could accommodate 300 beds; and here, in one of them, she died in August, 1788, on the eve of the French Revolution.

This ends the story, gathered from conflicting accounts, of the only remarkable person connected with Lainston, and she has left no tangible mark on the place; for even the old church register, containing the entry of her marriage with Lieutenant Hervey, was mislaid by the solicitors when sent

At the foot of the stairs in one of the photographs will be noticed one of two very remarkable cane-backed, English chairs of walnut with Louis XIV-like back panels of beautiful design and with graceful legs and stretchers, and there are other examples of good English furniture in the house.

Lainston was the property of Sir Charles Hervey Bathurst when it was bought by the present owner, after many years of letting. He has added a wing to the north and greatly improved it in convenience and accommodation, and the restorations of the outside, such as the sashbars to the windows and the roofs and dormers, have been done with care and good feeling. It is a place to grow fond of, and it strikes the visitor with a sense of repose and well-being, lying sheltered, in spite of its high situation, among its fine trees and gardens.

G. H. KITCHIN.

REFLECTIONS ON A CONGRESS

IV.—DEFENCES.

BY MARY DUCLAUX.

WHEN Guizot, the great French Minister of State, visited London in 1844 he received the congratulations of the Duke of Wellington, who praised the new fortifications surrounding Paris. "You have closed the era of wars of invasion," said the Iron Duke (or at least Guizot says so in his memoirs). "You have put an end to those rapid marches on capitals which Napoleon inaugurated. Your fortifications will do for you almost as much as our seas have done for us."

Guizot does not seem to find the praise exaggerated. And yet these defences are those miserable *fortifs*—by night the haunt of prostitute and vagabond, by day the desolate playground of ragged urchins—which we are always talking of razing, as wholly ineffectual, in order to use the site for a ring of public gardens! One French statesman at least—no positive Protestant from the South, like Guizot, but a poet, with a poet's faith in the novel and unproven—made light of their utility from the hour when they were first discussed, and proposed in their stead a system of railways "which are in themselves fortifications, not only for Paris, but for the national territory, since their use permits the rapid transport of troops to any or all points menaced by an enemy." So spoke Lamartine in 1843.

And our last great war has shown us how right he was. The lack of railways almost lost us Verdun; the possession of them nearly won the war for the Germans. True, in the end we kept Verdun and they lost the war, because, after all, the human factor is always the most important; because, also, still newer mechanical contrivances, such as taxi-cabs and auto-camions (at the Marne) and, later on, tanks and aircraft, neutralised to some extent our inferiority as regards railroads; because, finally, America joined us. But the war has proved the inadequacy of any fortress or strong place as a defence, and the need of readjusting our ideas in this respect.

Railways are better than fortifications; but of what use to us would be a railway if the Germans raced across France, placed their long cannon on the cliffs of Wimereux, and destroyed the towns and ports of our South Coast prior to an invasion? Our only defence, then, it seems, must lie on the Rhine, in the security of a French alliance, and in the possession of a Channel tunnel. But, again, of what profit would all these be if our enemy should sail in his huge airships over Paris or London and destroy our capitals in a sheet of inextinguishable flame? It is possible that the era of material defences is closed, and that the nations must combine in a new arrangement.

When, after the Hundred Years War, the Feudal system perished; when, in the middle of the fifteenth century, Charles VII first, and later Louis XI, strove to heal the open wound in the flanks of France caused by the continual pillage of the Feudal lords, they attempted to limit their armaments and reduce the number of troops at their disposal. But scant favour was shown to these bold innovators. "A regular army, limited in quantity, dependent solely on the central power? Why, we may all be murdered in our beds," said the nobles of France, "before the King and his men can come to the rescue!" And they united in a League of the Public Weal to oppose so disastrous a measure. Yet they, no less than the King, recognised the gravity of the evil that he sought to cure; they, too, were sick of wars, believed that (if one could reduce the number of men-at-arms and enrol them in regiments) it would be "moult honourable, prouffitable et utile chose pour le Roy et son royaume"—only this sudden plunge into the unknown (for such it was, though now a regular army seems so stale a thing) filled them with a sort of fright which they had never felt in front of the enemy. Shorn of their private troops, the barons felt defenceless and poor as Lear when his cruel daughters reduced his bevy of gentlemen. Yet very soon we read of the prosperity of France under the new régime. Peace and order flourished; the merchants again travelled from town to town, over copse and moor, in full security, and all the marches of the kingdom were safer than they had been within the memory of man. Naturally, Charles VII did not create with a stroke of his pen the centralised monarchy and the regular army that superseded Feudal society. There were false departures, mistakes, errors in calculation, but none of them so great as very seriously to impair a plan which replaced a century of bloodshed and destruction by an era which we agree to call a New Birth—a Renaissance.

It may be that we stand now on the brink of another such change. The defences of the future may be not only still more centralised—indeed, internationalised—but chiefly moral. Those that have so far been proposed for the League of Nations are of this order. They are: first, the general excommunication of an aggressor—every man's hand shall be against him, no man shall traffic in his ports nor ensure his subsistence; and, secondly, in the application of the principle that who breaks pays. I do not hope for much from the universal boycott or blockade; if every nation were situate on an island it might do well; but the aggressor we suspect is, as we know to our cost, difficult to isolate, and surrounded by smaller nations whom, even if isolated, he might terrorise into neutrality or a secret complicity. There is more to be said for the law of compensation. Æschylus held it to be the foundation of justice: "the Doer of the deed shall suffer." If nations should reflect that, in the event of failure, several of their generations must toil in a sort of fiscal servitude in order to repair the damage done by an act of wanton aggression, such meditations might counteract the recent German theories of warcraft. Who knows? In the fear of the bill to be paid may lie the beginning of wisdom.

LORD ABERDEEN'S LETTER TO HIS TENANTS

LORD ABERDEEN'S action with regard to the Haddo House Estates will be regarded as even more eloquent than the significant letter which he has addressed to his tenants on this occasion. The Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair owns about fifty thousand acres of the lands of Buchan, and of that total thirty-seven thousand acres have been sold. The purchaser is Mr. Herbert B. Boret of Billiter Square, London, who, according to a statement in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, has been "buying landed property extensively in England." Lord Aberdeen's explanation of this action is that after careful consideration and consultation with his business advisers, he decided to accept an offer for the land, evidently anticipating that steps are under contemplation to produce a result at which he prefers to arrive willingly. "For some time past," he wrote, "there have been indications that the present system of land tenure will need to be altered in order to meet the requirements of new conditions and new circumstances." He is of opinion that "this alteration will be mainly in the direction of substituting ownership for tenancy." He regards the change as not only inevitable, but advantageous. The plain English of the transaction is that he prefers to escape from the responsibility of being a large landowner. Even after the sale he will own a considerable property, amounting to seventeen thousand acres lying round Haddo House. The farms that he retains are good and even famous. They include the holdings of Collynie and Tillycairn, familiar to all who are interested in shorthorn cattle. The total rent of the Haddo House Estates is about £40,000, and that of the portions now sold £28,000. The present Lord Aberdeen has ever been regarded as a good landowner, considerate and kind and generous. The hard business man seldom takes note of anything outside the lines of his contract, but one who is a statesman and a politician as well as a landowner is sensitive to the oncoming of the waves of change before they actually reach him. Public opinion at the moment is not very favourable to the holding of land in large areas. A man like Lord Aberdeen is, of course, exceptional, and recognises what his duties are, but, taking the average man, we know that when he happens to own an estate of forty thousand acres or more it is impossible for him to give it that close attention which is necessary if the owner of land wishes to justify his existence and not to be a mere rent-charger. To reduce his estate to thirteen thousand acres is to bring it within more reasonable bounds and so to be able to devote to each part of it that close personal attention which is of the utmost value to those engaged in cultivation. But Lord Aberdeen stated in his letter that "the purchaser of the land referred to intends to give an opportunity for all the tenants thereon to become owners of their holdings." We hope the opportunity will be a favourable one, although it would be unreasonable to expect a buyer to lay out his capital on land without expecting to reap some advantage to himself.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The New Elizabethans, by E. B. Osborn. (John Lane.)

THE brave days of old to which youth and young manhood used to look back with so much longing have been eclipsed by the still braver deeds of the twentieth century. Imagination easily figures the boys of generations lying far forward in the womb of the future reading and re-reading the accounts of the heroes who quitted them like men in the great war. Mr. Osborn has selected twenty-two for his first instalment of the fine and sympathetic biographical sketches of these young and dead glories of the State.

One of the most natural reflections arising from a perusal of the book is that this little batch is only typical and representative. For every one here commemorated there were hundreds, it may be thousands, who as valorously and unselfishly laid down their lives for King and Country. Among those lying quiet now in the graves of France and Flanders the nameless must far outnumber those who are known. There is many a family in the country who, on reading these sketches, will say among themselves: "There was our boy too." He never came to the front before the

war. Only to a few of his intimate friends was his worth known. He fought, and, it well may be, before he died received some mark of distinction—a mention in despatches, a clasp or an Order. Still, there was nothing to arrest the general attention. Yet he was as truly a scion of the old breed as are any of those whose fame is here commemorated. A tribute to the unknown dead seems to be the almost necessary accompaniment to the commemoration of those who were more fortunate. Except for that hint of omission, there is nothing for critics to object to in this book. If it had been an essay instead of a series of sketches, a clue to it would be found in a drawing by J. S. Sargent or the Hon. Charles Lister. When the painter was staying at Gisburne he was impressed by a fidelity to type conspicuous in a XVIIth century portrait and the Charles Lister of 1899. The seventeenth century portrait is shown in the background, and no one looking at it can fail to appreciate the family likeness between this old member of the house and the handsome and engaging face of Lord Ribblesdale's eldest son. It is a family resemblance; but the inference is plain that if a bygone generation of Englishmen could be shown in picture it would in everything, save in such externals as clothes, show a continuity of type. What is true of the physical appearance

of the race holds equally of their spiritual characteristics. Mr. Osborn's first selection, although partially alphabetical, is typical of the elements that made up the British Army. Nothing could be more miscellaneous. The series is opened by a biography of Harold Chapin, described "as the most promising of the younger dramatists working in England when the war storm burst." He was an American citizen, born in Brookland in 1886, but in this connection America and England are one. The slight difference in standpoint may be judged from a saying of his own. "I'm fighting for no King, and the best of this King is that he knows we are not fighting for him."

The last two of the sketches are those of Julian and Billy Grenfell, the two sons of Lord Desborough. Here we have one of the old families of England to whom the profession of arms comes naturally. Julian's poetry has been so frequently quoted that there is no occasion to make further reference to it here; yet we cannot help writing out eight lines of his finest poem, because they show the spirit in which one of the old breed took his place in the war:

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

Between these two come representatives of nearly all forms of activity. It was not only the playwright who took up arms, but also the actor for whom he made the plays. Basil Hallam, who was born in London in 1889, had made a great reputation by his creation "Gilbert the Filbert" in "The Passing Show," produced at the Palace Theatre in 1914. But at the height of his popularity he volunteered for the Royal Flying Corps, and on July 16, 1916, he died at the front owing to a failure of his parachute to open.

Of sportsmen, one of the most distinguished was Anthony Frederick Wilding, a very English New Zealander, who, by dint of assiduous work and a suitable temperament, raised himself to the highest pinnacle of renown as a Lawn Tennis Champion. But it was almost by accident that he chose this game. He was a very fine all-round athlete. His long jump of 20ft. 6ins. is still the school record at Shrewsbury; and at cricket, football, bowls and billiards he was good enough to have won his way to distinction if he had cared to do so.

Brian Brooke was a sportsman of a different kind, one for whom the wilderness held the chief attraction. Before the war he was devoting himself chiefly to the development of Central Africa, where he was much sought after as an organiser of expeditions in quest of big game, although he poured contempt on a class of sportsmen then becoming too numerous:

Well armed with musical boxes, and loaded with gramophones,
Butterfly nets for beetles and bugs, and tins for the precious stones,
While under their stacks of rifles the black man sweats and groans.

The sons of Lord St. Davids, Colwyn and Roland Philipps, are aptly described as "lost leaders." One of them, at any rate, would have risen to a high place but for the obscure working of Fate.

Ronald Poulton, or to give him his full name, Ronald William Poulton Palmer, the younger son of Professor E. B. Poulton of Oxford, was in the height of his fame when he heard the call to arms. The excellent photograph of him was taken in the dressing-rooms at Twickenham after his last International match on English soil in 1914.

The literary men who fell deserve to be enshrined in a new Lament for the Makers. Among them are to be numbered Alan Seeger, Donald Hankey (the Student in Arms), Dixon Scott and Charles Hamilton Sorley. Hugh Vaughan Charlton might be added to the category. They were showing great powers of observation and that love for the open air which is itself a kind of poetry. To the same list might be added the name of William Noel Hodgson, the eldest son of the Bishop of Edmundsbury and Ipswich. He had every likelihood of proving himself a great poet when he died.

The world will linger over the early careers of men like these and the imaginative will dwell on the future that might have been. The consolation for their loss is that the sacrifice has not been in vain. It is not only that the great struggle has ended in our favour, but to future generations the heroes here chronicled will be a model and an inspiration that will help to maintain undying the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race.

LITERARY NOTES

It has been said that the word "Mysticism" has never been satisfactorily defined so that they who run may read. Possibly the running may hinder the reading. Is it any help to the runners to suggest that Mysticism is that which lies behind Symbolism, to which Pamela Glenconner has written an admirable little introduction? "There is," she reminds us, "a spiritual world around us, vast, potent, and living, inexhaustible and sublime . . . Symbolism, in the scattered letters of a secret language, tells us of its existence, and the 'Indweller' recognises his own, and understands."

There are some few people who have grasped the fact that in this world of eternal change there is one thing unchangeable—the life of the soul. Mentality changes with the centuries, but every quickened soul, in its own way and degree, moves steadily along the same appointed path. As in David's day so in our own. But words are not sensitive enough to prove this, so age speaks to age and soul to soul by means of symbols. The initiates are those to whom these symbols are transparencies letting through the light behind.

But some of us, far humbler spirits, have brought with us . . . some partly obliterated knowledge, fragmentary though it be, that yet helps us to cognise the spiritual world very clearly.

"They have eyes but see not, ears have they but they hear not," would more aptly describe many of the readers of this book. But the eyes that see not will be fewer after the reading of it, and this is as it should be, for it is obviously written for the uninitiated, and to begin to get a glimmering of the meaning behind all symbols is surely the best way of thanking the author. The present writer will always be grateful for the passage on Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie." The poem had always seemed beautiful to her, though not particularly intelligible, but its loveliness is not crystal-clear, and she is left wondering why her eyes were holden so long.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." That is the reality behind the emblem of the Mystical Rose, the legend of the Garden of Hesperus and the mediæval story of the Romaunt of the Rose. The lotos and the water are very ancient symbols, as are the sacred numbers and the Druidical sign for the Incommunicable Name. We are used to thinking vaguely that the Easter egg is a symbol of resurrection, but do many of us go to the Christmas pantomime with the idea of seeing a mystery play? The explanation of this point is so unexpected and so full of interest that it must be quoted almost at full length:

In some religions we are not taught so much of the triune nature and the One outside inter-penetrating, but the same truth is dealt with as four-fold, and spoken of rather as the Celestial and the Terrestrial Dualities—Spirit and Soul on the one hand, and Mind and Body on the other. And four types of this truth come down to us from the ancient Egyptian Mysteries, and have become petrified in a most unexpected stratum, which has preserved them to this day for our regard. I say "petrified" with intention, for what was once bread has indeed become stone. These four appear every year, unrecognised, in the Christmas Pantomime, but they preserve happily every detail and accessory of their sacred origin—Harlequin, Spirit; Columbine, the Soul; Clown, the Mind; and Pantaloon, the Body.

Harlequin appears masked, signifying concealed identity, or Invisibility, the Unknown . . . He has a wand in his hand—the rod of sacred Mythos, symbol of the power of will, control over matter. You see this figured by his striking a door on the stage and vanishing through it, the door springing back again and appearing as though it had never been dislodged. This figures the passing of spirit through matter, the illusion of apparent solidity.

Columbine, the Human Soul, is his inseparable companion. She is beautiful, aerial, and obedient to him. He is the Shining One, the All-pervading, she is his faithful counterpart, divine only in being his . . .

The Clown's characteristics are wholly materialistic. He is adroit, worldly-wise, deceitful and humorous. All his activities are adapted to low or mundane objects, and he collides with Law and Order, which are the outer representatives of the Divine . . . The Clown controls and directs his companion Pantaloon, the Body, who is represented as a weak creature with no initiative or will of his own.

The ordeals through which Harlequin and Columbine pass are the tribulations of the soul and spirit while in the material phase of existence, and their final union is figured by what we know as the Transformation Scene. It sets forth the supreme object of all discipline and doctrine, the Marriage of the Spirit and the Bride.

This passage has been given at length for its vivid interest, but for quite a different reason one would like to quote another from this gallant book:

In our moments of so sore sadness let us tell ourselves and each other that Death, the death of those most dear to us, is quite different from what we suppose, and from what we are led far too often, to consider it to be.

"It is a far happier thing," says Walt Whitman, "and a far luckier."

I like the use of that homely and familiar word in this context; it seems to suit so well the young and happy soldiers who have gone on.

"Good luck have thou, with thine Honour—Ride on, because of the Word of Truth."

Ride on! It enheartens one to say it. No waiting or repining here, no resting in the tomb, no folding of the hands in sleep, *Ride on!* . . .

Then if what we call Death is as a score of symbols tell us, and as the Indweller within us continually asseverates it to be, a fuller life, an ampler self-realisation, a greater capacity for joy, let us never fear it, and above all let us never grudge it to those we love who have ridden on, with their honour.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

IN THE GARDEN

FLOWERS FROM SEED FOR THE COMING SUMMER.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

WE are now getting busy sowing seeds of summer flowers. The kinds that are commonly classed as half-hardy annuals are sown in heat—that is to say, in a moderate greenhouse or frame—afterwards pricked off separately in boxes, and planted out at bedding time. Among the earliest sown, as soon as may be after the middle of February, are the splendid Snapdragons that are now to be had in so many fine varieties. They have different names in the various seed lists, but one may say that the most generally useful are—of the tall kinds, white, yellow, pale and deep pink and the deep blood-crimson with dark foliage; and of the shorter kinds, called intermediate, white, yellow and pale pink. An early sowing of Hollyhocks and Pentstemons is also desirable, for though they are both commonly treated as biennials, if sown early they will flower in the late summer. We also make an early sowing of the two handsome annual *Daturas*, *D. ceratocaula* and *D. cornucopia*, pushing them on as quickly as may be so that they have time to make their rather large growth and handsome trumpet flowers before the end of the season. Then will come the time for raising *Salpiglossis*, *Zinnia* and *Verbena*, and, by the end of February we are sowing *Lobelias*, both the tall scarlet and the dwarf blue bedding kinds, following in March with *Alonsoa*, *Nicotiana*, *Stocks* and *Asters*. Maize comes later, and last of all, about the third week of April, *Ageratum*, *Amarantus*, *Marigolds* (both French and African), *Tropaeolums* and *Sunflowers*.

The summer garden has a main planting of groups of *Dahlia*, *Canna* and *Gladiolus*, leaving considerable spaces, which are filled with the prepared annuals. Near the edges there are also *Geraniums* and scarlet *Salvia*. The annuals are grouped between, and at their blooming season are of equal importance, some even of greater, for nothing can exceed the brilliancy of display of a patch of orange African *Marigolds*, or make a brighter edging than some of the miniature forms of the same plant or of the dwarf *Tropaeolums*. It is all arranged for good colour effect, tender colourings at the two ends coming gradually to a culmination of gorgeousness in the middle. The colour sequence is composed thus: for the beginning, at the back, white and yellow *Dahlias* intergrouped with striped *Maize*; then half way forward, *Lilium longiflorum* and the beautiful pale yellow *Gladiolus Lily Lehmann*, fortunately one of the less costly kinds; and quite to the front a favourite mixture of *Calceolaria amplexicaulis* and the Variegated *Mint*, *Mentha rotundifolia*. Between these groups are good spaces for white *Pentstemons* and tall white and yellow *Snapdragons*, and in front of the *Lilies* intermediate *Snapdragons*, yellow and white. Then, partly following and partly intergrouping with the front plants are two annuals, the Golden Feather *Feverfew* and *Alyssum maritimum*. It is usual to take out the bloom of the Golden Feather, the better to show the yellowish foliage; but some patches of it we let flower, as the colour of the bloom rather helps the picture. Some groups of nearly pure white flowers follow; the fine double *Pyrethrum Mrs. Sander*, and, as an accompanying annual, the dwarf white *Cosmos*, a plant much improved by being pinched back two or three times, for it then becomes more bushy and fuller of bloom. Then come some pale pink

flowers, *Pentstemon*, *Geranium* and large drifts of *Snapdragons*. The colour then gradually deepens till, towards the middle of the garden's length, we come to the strongest reds. Here are again *Dahlias*, *Gladiolus* and *Pentstemon*, with *Geraniums* and scarlet *Salvias* to the front, with more of our annuals, or plants grown as annuals—the brilliant scarlet, dark-leaved *Lobelia cardinalis*,



IN THE SUMMER GARDEN.



HOLLYHOCKS IN LATE SUMMER.



DOUBLE PYRETHRUM AND GLADIOLUS.

the tall, dark red Snapdragon, also with dusky leaves, and at the back, among the red Dahlias, *Ricinus Gibsoni* with richly coloured foliage. Through all this group is an underplanting of a French form of *Love-lies-bleeding* which has proved of the greatest value, forming as it does a groundwork of rich and delightfully harmonious quality. It is low in growth, the foliage is reddish tinted, and the tassels of bloom, instead of having the unpleasant magenta colouring of the usual form, are of a harmless, dull crimson such as forms an excellent under-colouring to the whole group. Every year I use it with greater confidence. I have failed to obtain it from our home seedsmen, but have it from Messrs. Vilmorin of Paris. It is their *Amarante à feuille rouge naine*, or *Amarantus sanguineus nanus*.

The colour arrangement then recedes through the same sequence as before till it again reaches the whites and yellows. But beyond this there is a space of raised banks where there are some bold groups of *Yuccas* and *Phormium* and the great

Euphorbia Wulfeni. Here we have a pretty effect of purple and white which comes delightfully after the pale yellows. The larger plants of glaucous foliage have below them and in front a continuation of grey or whitish-leaved plants—*Senecio Grayi*, *Sedums* of the *Anacampseros* section, *Cineraria maritima*, *Cerastium* and *Othosinopsis*. Among these are drifts of *Heliotrope* and the tall *Ageratum*, with the closely bloomed tufts of dwarf *Ageratum* quite to the front. This is followed by corresponding drifts of *Ivy Geranium Mme. Crousse*, carpeted with *Alyssum maritimum* and backed by the grey-leaved *Sedum* and its low-toned bloom of purplish pink.

The annuals named are only some of the many that can be used for summer bedding, though they are perhaps the most generally useful, for there are, besides, the gorgeous Indian Pinks and the dwarf *Phloxes* and several other good plants; but quite enough have been indicated for the making of a fine effect in any one garden.

NATURE NOTES

CHINCHILLA LANIGERA.

(In the possession of Mrs. Johnstone, Burrowswood, Groombridge, Kent.)

IN July, 1913, a few specimens of this exquisite little rodent were imported by Mr. Walter Goodfellow, the well known explorer, for Mrs. Johnstone. Up to this date odd specimens only had reached this country; but few, if any, seem to have survived for any length of time, and there is no record of their having bred in captivity, consequently very little up to the present has been known about their habits, and it is therefore with some interest that the following notes have been recorded.

There are three distinct species of chinchillas, *Chinchilla lanigera*, the subject of the present article, and from which the finest fur is obtained; *C. brevicaudata*, the short-tailed chinchilla, a slightly larger species and very rare; and *C. Cuiresei*, a still larger species, but far less valuable than the first named, as the fur takes a yellowish tinge and has not the clear, pure grey tone of *C. lanigera*. This particular species inhabits the higher Andes, from the south of Chili to the north of Bolivia, and used to be some years ago plentiful, but owing to the enormous demand for the beautiful fur and the reckless way in which the Indians killed them irrespective of breeding seasons, sex or age, they are now becoming exceedingly rare. The Peruvian Government have, somewhat late in the day, awakened to the fact that unless prompt steps are taken this little rodent will become extinct, and they have



MALE CHINCHILLA LANIGERA.

winter the animal looks almost a quarter as large again on account of the increased thickness and length of its coat.

The female is almost invariably larger than the male, but owns a more feminine head, narrower skull, and is finer in make. The sexes are quite easy to distinguish by these differences.

BRINGING THEM TO ENGLAND.

It need hardly be said that the importation of these little animals is no easy task. In the first place, they are most difficult to procure, as the Indians are exceedingly casual and lazy, and decline to trouble to catch them; the difficulties of export in these mountainous regions are immense. All cages and baggage are placed on mules, and the little animals themselves are exceedingly nervous and resent handling.

Each specimen was brought over in its own separate cage, and great care had to be taken to keep them dry, as wet and damp are the climatic conditions they most resent. They are, in fact, incapable of standing them. In their native mountains they feed largely on prickly pear and cactus, which grow in quantities in that arid region; they live in holes and burrows, in the rock or sand—natural burrows or those made by other animals, as they are incapable of burrowing themselves.

On their arrival in England they were placed in long hutches, with plenty of dry, white sand and a comfortable wooden box hidden among some blocks of stone. They showed their appreciation of the sand by taking regular sand baths, rolling and throwing the sand into

their beautiful coats and then throwing it out again with a vigorous shake.

THEIR DIET: NO DRINK.

They are fed on dry clover-meal, a carrot, monkey nuts (when procurable), sunflower seed, and, for green food, carrot-tops or lucerne. Water is given them, but whether they drink it is



FEMALE CHINCHILLA LANIGERA.

now passed a law prohibiting the killing of chinchillas and the exporting of skins for five years. The chinchilla is about the size and shape of a large guinea-pig, with large, round ears, standing erect from the head, immense, expressive black eyes and long whiskers. The tail is grey and bushy, about 10 ins. long. The fur is a lovely clear grey, extremely thick, fine and soft; a darker mark shows down the centre of the back. In the

doubtful; they have never been seen to drink and it is apparently untouched. In the exceedingly rainless country from which they come (rain not falling there sometimes for years), the juicy cactus and prickly pear on which they feed, in all probability, provide the necessary moisture. They are exceedingly active—unlike the guinea-pig, and are really a rock squirrel. They can jump great heights, 6ft. and 8ft., both up and down, and can run up perpendicular places with ease and lightning rapidity. The hind quarters are long and made for speed, the forefeet short, and they hold a monkey nut in the same way as a squirrel, and eat it holding it in the forepaws.

BRITISH BORN CHINCHILLAS.

The first offspring were born late in November. Each pair had one young one, with the exception of one pair of twins. They were born when it was bitterly cold and the water was frozen every morning in the drinking glasses. Subsequent families have all been born in the spring; they grow slowly, and although they will breed at a year old, they do not reach their full size and maturity until two years old.

The young are exceedingly pretty and can, like the young of the guinea-pig, run about from birth. With their eyes open they are exact miniatures of their parents, and seem quite independent, but keep near the mother, creeping close into her thick warm fur.

No nest is made, although hay and soft grass were provided, but the young one simply appeared one morning about the size of a large walnut seated on a stone close to its mother, a pretty sight, and one which would make a photographer's mouth water. At any strange sound the mother would give a short warning grunt, and both mother and child disappeared into the pile of stones.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE FUTURE OF WOLLATON HALL.

AN item on the agenda of the Nottingham City Council for Monday last raises a matter of far more than local importance, namely, a proposal that the Corporation should purchase Wollaton Hall and Park, Lord Middleton's seat, with a total area of over 700 acres. This palatial mansion, one of the finest Elizabethan houses in the country, has been in the possession of Lord Middleton's family ever since its erection by Sir Francis Willoughby in the sixteenth century. It has been fully pictured in COUNTRY LIFE of June 2, 9, 16, 1916, and its claims, architecturally and historically, are such that its future must be a matter of concern to all who have any admiration of the beautiful and any respect for the past.

It is understood that the idea of the Corporation of Nottingham in contemplating the acquisition of the estate is to create a garden city. On the face of it there is nothing necessarily inconsistent in such a scheme with the careful and permanent preservation of the mansion. But projects of this kind have their perils, and anxiety will not be allayed, assuming the place passes to the Corporation, until definite assurances are given that the mansion will be maintained as it stands. That it should be dealt with in a utilitarian spirit is unthinkable, and local pride in the house may be trusted to safeguard it.

As a central feature of a garden city Wollaton Hall hardly seems in accordance with the fitness of things. Its magnificence in every respect must tend to somewhat violent contrasts, no matter how skilfully planned any garden city may be in juxtaposition. Perhaps, too, a pardonable aim at making the surrounding houses worthy of the site is more likely to lead to a lavish expenditure of public money than to the realisation of the ideal in question. The difficulty—indeed, impossibility—of making modern houses a setting for so exquisite an architectural gem must be apparent to all who know the estate or have studied the descriptions of it which have been published in these columns. The Nottingham Corporation on Monday resolved to open negotiations for the purchase of the estate.

Approximately 350,500 acres of land are comprised in the latest list issued by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley of their forthcoming sales. Selecting some of the items at a glance, it will be found that the list includes South Wraxall, Wiltshire, 1,160 acres, for Mr. Walter Long (at Trowbridge on May 20th); the Dancsbury Estate, Hertfordshire, of the late Colonel A. M. Blake, C.B. (in June); Grantley Hall and Bingham Rocks, in the North Riding, by order of Lord Furness (in the summer); and 140,000 acres in Ross and Sutherland, with two of the Shetland Isles, for Mr. W. E. Gilmour, as well as the Duke of Sutherland's property and many other extensive estates which have been mentioned in these columns. The Grantley Hall Estate, some five or six miles west of Ripon, extends, with Bingham Rocks, to 6,600 acres, including the mansion situated in a picturesque park with lakes and waterfalls, fishing in the Rivers Laver and Skell, and Lumley Moor Reservoir, the Eavesstone grouse moor, 340 acres of woodlands and fully fifty farms of from 50 acres to 370 acres.

The Earl of Dartmouth is about to sell his town house in Mayfair. It is one of the finest houses in Charles Street and the tenure is freehold. Messrs. Trollope have been instructed to act as agents in the matter.

The Duke of Hamilton is disposing of part of his Ferne Estate, Messrs. John Jeffery and Son submitting 1,134 acres at Shaftesbury to-day (Saturday). Toller Whelme, Dorset, including the Tudor manor house now used as the principal farmhouse, is to be sold at Dorchester on March 22nd by Messrs. Henry Duke and Son for the late Mr. Henry Symond's trustees. An interesting old house of the Tudor period is the feature of Melpash Court Estate, near Bridport, 1,188 acres, to be offered in that town on April 3rd by the same firm.

These little animals vary a good deal in temperament. One particular female, named by her keeper Mrs. Nero for obvious reasons, lost her mate. The time came for the young one to be taken away and a new husband substituted. The male, unconscious of danger, was apparently charmed with his new wife; but she received him with an ominous snap, ears laid flat and a dangerous gleam in her black eyes. Thinking that time would mend matters and that presently she would amend her manners and make friends the male was left. But alas! the following morning, finding the hutch too peaceful, an examination disclosed the poor little male, almost stripped of fur, some long scratches down the back and a fatal bite under the ear—dead. This tragedy was later followed by another, equally sad, and a third husband—a great pet on account of his tameness and lovely coat—was so mishandled by the lady and only just rescued with his life that she has now been relegated to grass widowhood; an immense pity as she is a most beautiful specimen. But she clearly owns a will and temper of her own, and has sworn eternal faithfulness to her first husband. The foregoing is an exception, as usually they prefer companionship and sit cuddled up against each other and rarely quarrel.

Since importation the writer has bred a fair number of these little animals and still owns a good breeding stock. That the fur deteriorates in captivity is not the case, as the skins which the writer possesses are finer than, or as fine as, the best imported ones. In captivity they have no natural enemies to contend with (the various birds of prey and snakes) and food is plentiful and of good quality. Mrs. Johnstone has astonished some well known furriers, who will hardly believe the skins have been home bred until proof positive was shown by the presence of feet and tail on the skin. The latter appendage many did not even know they possessed, as the Indians invariably cut them off before exporting.

Agricultural land, extending to about 37,000 acres, in Aberdeenshire, on the Haddo House estate, has been sold by Lord Aberdeen to Mr. H. B. Boret, a City shipbroker. It is stated by Lord Aberdeen, in a communication to the tenants, that the purchaser proposes to give the tenants every facility for acquiring their farms. Lord Aberdeen is, of course, keeping the mansion and about 13,000 acres, to which he succeeded nearly fifty years ago, and upon which, and the estate generally, he has expended approximately half a million pounds in the interval.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons have sold No. 3, Rutland Gate and four houses in Queen's Elms Square. The firm will offer the freehold of No. 26, Brunswick Terrace, Hove, on March 25, and on the same day No. 26, Nottingham Place, Regent's Park. Later they are selling The Chase, Farnham Royal, with about 90 acres, for the late Mr. F. C. Carr Gomm's executors, and for other vendors a large number of country houses with, in some instances, from 10 acres to 50 acres of land.

The Manor House at Ilmington, Warwickshire, has been sold by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners on behalf of the executors of the late Judge William Evans. It is a stone-built house of the time of Henry VII, in whose reign it was rebuilt. The house is thus described in Dugdale's "History of Warwickshire": "Seized by King John and given to the first Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. On Simon de Montfort's banishment it was then presented by the King to John de Hare Court, Earl of Mellent. Afterwards it again passed to the de Montforts, Sir Peter de Montfort and his heirs taking the lands together with the 'Mannur' house and warren, also rents, reliefs and free customs belonging thereto, for the service of one knight's fee, to the Second Earl of Mellent and his heirs. Sir Peter de Montfort obtained full grant in 1272 of the Holding of the Earl of Leicester, having free warren, court leet, gallows, etc., with 29 tenants, 8 cottiers and 4 freeholders. Later the property belonged to Lord Sandes."

Viscount Chetwynd has decided to dispose of some of his Staffordshire farms, and Messrs. Winterton and Sons will accordingly offer three, having a total area of over 500 acres, and another of 260 acres, early in May. The former are on the Hasclour Estate, four and a half miles from Tamworth, and the latter is near Rugeley and Uttoxeter. Other properties in the Midlands are about to come under the hammer of the same firm.

Baddow Hall and adjacent land, on the outskirts of Chelmsford, have been placed in the hands of Messrs. G. B. Hiliard and Son, in conjunction with Messrs. Dyer, Son and Hilton, for sale on Friday next, March 14. Next week, too, Messrs. Simons, Ingamells and Young are offering The Grange and Links Hotel, Sutton-on-Sea, Lincolnshire. It adjoins the golf course and the eighteenth green is in the hotel grounds. Sussex properties to be sold at the end of this month and the beginning of next by Messrs. A. Burtenshaw and Son and Messrs. Powell and Co. are Knelle, with manorial rights and a total area of nearly 2,700 acres near Hastings, and about 1,500 acres near Lewes, on behalf of Mr. A. L. Christie's trustees.

The Grange, Ascott-under-Wychwood, Oxon. with 6 acres, and Bayfields, Hawley, Hampshire, with 4 acres, have been privately sold by Messrs. Goddard and Smith. Three houses at Gidea Park, Romford, Nos. 45, 46 and 48, Heath Drive, have changed hands under the hammer at from £1,150 to £1,160 each. The firm has sold Laurel House, Barnes, freehold, with the whole of the contents, and No. 14, Lower Sloane Street, and they have resold No. 83, Broadhurst Gardens, South Hampstead. Next Wednesday (March 12), at their Piccadilly office, Messrs. Goddard and Smith will sell two freeholds—Surreymore and 3 acres at Woldingham, and Martins at Slindon.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

"RESTORATION" AND WAR MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few years ago a certain testator bequeathed the residue of his estate to the "restoration" of the Lady Chapel at Christ Church Priory, Twyneham, Hampshire. The residue proved to be a very considerable sum—about ten thousand pounds, if I remember rightly—and the powers of the parish, having considered and rejected the idea of restoring the stonework of the building as being too far perished to admit of any alternative but the entire substitution of new work for the old, decided to fill the windows of the chapel with coloured glass. For this intent they consulted a fashionable glass-painter, who shut himself up in the chapel for a day or two in order, so he said, to steep his senses in the spirit of the place, and then, summoning those interested, solemnly delivered his oracular verdict: "Sweet-peas and tortoiseshell." Such was the scheme he propounded for the glass. Only the outbreak of the war, I believe, has hitherto stood in the way of its execution. When the work shall have been carried out, one may be sure that the place will be darkened, and that windows, filled with a blend of such strong, variegated and dingy hues, will have forfeited all, or nearly all, the light-giving advantages which they were originally provided to secure. I understand that, with the piping days of peace, the adornment of the Lady Chapel by the help of the above-named bequest, is to proceed.

At another Hampshire church, viz., Romsey Abbey, a very drastic scheme for remodelling the arrangements of the interior has been adopted. The proposals indeed may be harmless, some of them may here be of the nature of improvements, but such as they are they will completely transform the appearance of the old church. They appear to mean making a clean sweep of virtually everything that was erected (including the stalls and the renovated screen) during the thirty-two years' vicariate of the Rev. E. L. Berthon. The architect recommends the removal of the existing screen and stalls; the transfer of the quire westward to a position under the tower; the erection of a new roodscreen on the site where possibly the mediæval pulpitum stood, west of the tower; other new screens, including side-screens to enclose the quire on the north and south; the beautifying of the present organ case; the addition of a fine cover to the font, and new altars. As already remarked, some of these changes may be desirable enough, but the net result of them all collectively will be to make the church quite unrecognisable.

At Norwich Cathedral it is contemplated, as a war memorial, to build a mock-Norman Lady Chapel on the foundation of that which was removed in the thirteenth century—to make room for a much larger chapel of the period—a chapel itself no longer in existence. But could any scheme be more ill-advised than to build upon the old Norman foundations? To do so would be to ignore and obliterate an important event in the history of the place. Moreover, Norman, as being, both in respect of date and of quality, more remote from our own times than any other of the mediæval styles, is on that very account less capable than any of them of being reproduced under present-day conditions, when tools and processes have totally changed. It is not a question as to whether Norman or thirteenth century Gothic is the more beautiful of the two, but which in modern hands is the less likely to result in a wretched travesty of old work. As to a suitable choice between the two alternatives there can be no manner of doubt.

The above are typical of the many instances of ancient buildings threatened with reconstruction, a danger peculiarly acute when the influenza of war memorials is in the very air we breathe. Nor is it buildings alone that are liable to disfigurement, but even the open landscape is not safe, as is shown by the announcement that a portion of the funds to be raised for the Dover Patrol memorial is to be devoted towards erecting a monument on the Kentish cliffs. This monument may or may not prove an ornament, but seeing that it is to be placed in a very conspicuous position, there is need for the greatest vigilance lest a permanent eyesore be created.

It is a peculiarly invidious task to have to criticise any memorial, war memorials most of all; for to many minds it must seem churlish to set oneself in opposition to the perfectly natural and proper desire to commemorate the illustrious dead. But there is no denying that the tendency of the present day is to lose our due sense of proportion—in a word, to regard the events of our own times as so superlatively important as to outweigh the claims of past and future generations. I remember how, on the death of King Edward VII, it was seriously proposed to remove that which is by far the finest statue in the metropolis, viz., Le Sueur's equestrian figure of Charles I. at Charing Cross, in order that its place might be occupied by a modern monument to the then newly deceased monarch. Luckily the suggestion was not adopted. For however opinions may differ on the subject, there can be no disputing that no existing memorials should be interfered with, but scrupulously preserved. There can be no more unspeakably mean form of parsimony than to seek to honour the recent dead at the cost of the respect belonging to bygone generations of departed. Set up funeral monuments by all means, but let none but free and unoccupied sites be chosen for the purpose. And even then let us not appropriate the whole space available. Let some of it be left for the needs of posterity to commemorate the heroes of future generations yet unborn. Let our visible memorials, which rightly witness to our sorrow and gratitude, be modest and temperate, and let the greater part of the funds collected for commemorative purposes go towards founding or endowing works of real practical utility such as schools, hospitals, almshouses, research work and scientific apparatus for the combating of disease and such like works of benevolence which shall be for the lasting good of the public. So shall the memory of the illustrious dead be most surely honoured and kept in reverence by the benefits perpetually conferred upon their children and children's children from generation to generation.—AYMER VALLANCE.

VILLAGE HALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A scheme for the erection of a village hall in this locality has been in abeyance all through the war, and, now that peace seems assured, it is proposed to resuscitate it. The subject was treated of in your columns a few years back, but I have no means of referring to them; and if any of your readers could kindly let me have particulars of the rules of a similar project, with any suggestion that experience may advise, I should be very much obliged. The proposed hall would be in a small village—the centre of a considerable agricultural area—quite away from any town and quite self-dependent for management. It would be intended for social and political gatherings, but is not intended to become a church institute.—JOHN W. ANDREWS.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S TOMB.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Arthur T. Bolton's interesting articles in recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE on the subject of Pitzhanger Manor, Ealing, make me wonder whether the Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields is aware of the present condition of the great architect's tomb. His town house is famous; his country house you have revealed for the first time to many by your illustrations; but his tomb is in a most deplorable state. The curious will find it in the St. Giles' portion of the churchyard of old St. Pancras Church at the back of St. Pancras Station, near the great gasometers. Sir John designed it for his wife, who predeceased him in 1815. Over her vault—once approached by a flight of steps, now removed—is a square monument, the sides of which were meant to contain the epitaphs of those lying below. This is partly shielded from the weather by being set within four square pillars, which carry a stone cover, surmounted by a drum of stone, on top of which is the stone pineapple beloved of the period. Round the drum a serpent, tail in mouth, is twined to signify immortality. But, as Juvenal observed long since, even sepulchres have their appointed terms, and Sir John Soane's has not escaped the common lot. His own epitaph, on the most weather-beaten side, is almost undecipherable; the stonework is dirty and decayed; the balustrading is unkempt and forlorn, and in the small corner niches four winged and weeping Amoretti are in the last stages of unspeakable nigritude. Poor Sir John Soane! So this is the end of his riches and his grandeur, and this is the gratitude of London for the treasure-house, full of good things, which he left for the delight of posterity. It is odd to think that the architect of the Bank of England, who was a most generous supporter of all charitable institutions connected with art and literature, and who not only left a unique private museum to London, but, rarer still, endowed it with funds for its adequate upkeep, should not find anyone sufficiently interested to keep his name legible on his mausoleum. One of the keepers of the churchyard—which has long been a public "open space" for the living—told me that no one had ever done anything towards the restoration of the tomb in the quarter of a century with which he had been connected with the place. He added that he had hoped, when he saw me trying to rake out the inscriptions, that "Government had sent someone at last." He also said that the coffins which had lain in the vault had been removed, but he knew not when or where.—J. B. FIRTH.

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This subject, given in your issue of February 8th last, that mainly relates to crowned heads, may possibly find its parallel on a less exalted plane. Tracing the instance given, it bridges a span of eighty-five years (assuming that the gardener's life did not exceed ninety) in which William IV when uncrowned—but in the line of succession—could have spoken to a Windsor gardener who had conversed with Charles II. Born as William was in 1765, we cannot well date the part he played as listener to the narrative before 1770. Turning to the gardener, he may have been born in 1680, and conversed with Charles in the last year of his reign (1685). The above span might be increased to one hundred and fifty-two years if the king continued to be the narrator to the end of his days (1837), or those of the three lives concerned. Compare this with three lives in my own family in which the dates—as follows—are not yet complete. My paternal grandfather, 1758–1850; my father, 1800–1851; self, 1832–? I was on the verge of manhood when my grandfather, whom I knew in the flesh, died. I have thus conversed with and grasped the hand of an ancestor who dated back from the present, one hundred and sixty years, or to a time when Newcastle (with the elder William Pitt) was Prime Minister—one year after the Battle of Plassey, that gave us the Empire of the East, ten years before the birth of Buonaparte—"that scourge of nations"; seventeen years before the American War of Independence, and twenty-four before that Declaration was signed. I do not know the date in which he shouldered arms for the third George as "a Gallant Volunteer," a body first formed in 1778, but he was an old member of that arm when peace came round in 1814.—WILLIAM STEVENSON.

"WHISTLING TO THE CAT."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest in your "Nature Notes" for February 15 your correspondent's note on "Whistling to the Cat." A tabby half-Persian cat of ours was affected in very much the same way by certain music. When I whistled a particular tune she would rush to me, purring loudly, and climbing on to my shoulder take the back of my neck gently but firmly in her mouth, purring the while. This particular sound seemed to cause her a mingled joy and anguish. When my sister sat and sang at the piano the cat would climb, purring, on to her lap and look into my sister's mouth to find the tune! I was interested to read of a similar experience.—S. B. R.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL, CUMBERLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Edenhall, of fair demesnes, and whose name appears in Uhland's ballad and in the Border stories of the North, is shortly to come under



THE LUCK.

the hammer. It was brought in marriage to Thomas de Musgrave by Joan, co-heiress of Sir William Stapleton, in 1460, and up to the present time has been held by a Musgrave—from Mews Grave, caretaker of the hawks. A brass to the memory of Thomas de Musgrave and of Joan, his wife, is in fine preservation within the sacristy of the beautiful little parish church which stands in the park and not far from the River Eden. A world-famous legend exists in connection with the house of Musgrave, and it is on this legend that Uhland wrote his ballad, the translation of which is familiar to readers of Longfellow under the title "The Luck of Edenhall." Uhland gave himself undue licence and represents "the Luck," as the cup is familiarly called which holds the central place in the legend, as having been shattered in some wild revels of which the Musgrave of the time was the leading spirit. "The Luck" is spoken of by Mr. Harthorn, in his well known book on Old English Glass, as a fifteenth century Saracenic-looking glass, richly enamelled all over in arabesque pattern, in red, blue, yellow and white, and was probably one of the civil cups of its period and is exceptional only in not having been mounted in silver. The leather case which holds the cup, and which is a century later, is probably English. On the lid appears the raised sacred monogram which is frequently placed on secular objects. The legend runs that the butler was going to a well situated in the garden on the south side of the hall to get water for his lady when he surprised some fairies that were dancing round the well and holding high festival. They, alarmed, decamped in haste, whereupon the butler seized a goblet which, in their haste, they had forgotten and left lying on the grass. The queen of the fairies, seeing what had happened, called out the ominous couplet:

"If e'er that cup shall break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

The well is known as St. Cuthbert's, but locally as the fairies' well. The church, it may be noted, is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, an ancient edifice standing in a quiet situation in the park, to which the broad walk through the picturesque avenue of lime trees leads. Longfellow, when on a visit to the grandfather of the present owner of Edenhall, betrayed some annoyance when shown the Luck, it being perfect and not as Uhland represented it. He rang it in his chagrin, thereby incurring the anger of its owner. A few privileged persons have been allowed to drink from it, and when the present baronet came of age the Luck was on view to those present at the rejoicings. Three other well known "Lucks" exist in Cumberland—the Luck of Muncaster, a glass bowl belonging to the middle of the fifteenth century, which was given to Sir John Pemington by Henry VI on the occasion of his being sheltered at Muncaster Castle in 1461, after the battle of Hexham; the Luck of Workington Hall, which is an agate cup presented by Mary Stewart to Sir Henry Curwen for his kindness to her after crossing from Scotland to the Workington in 1568, after the defeat of her army at Langside; lastly, the sixteenth century Burrell Green Luck, which takes the form of a brass dish with the couplet engraved:

"If this dish be sold or gi'en,
Farewell the luck of Burrell Green."

But it is the Luck of Edenhall which can alone be said to be world famous.—J. C. V.-S.

OFFICERS AND THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the recent correspondence in your paper on "Discharged Officers and the Land," and particularly in the letter by "O. H. A.," and as I am myself desirous of leaving bricks and mortar and getting "back" into

the land in every sense, it has struck me that you may know or would accept the position of medium to enable those men recently returned from the war to get together. I have moderate capital and should like to get in touch with another, like "O. H. A.," with the object of joining forces, and fully realise that for the uninitiated a period of probation would be essential before branching out on one's own. Will you help me with your advice or put me in touch with somebody?—S. J. BEDINGTON.

BY RIVER POST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a war-worker may possibly interest you.



A RIVER POSTWOMAN.

The lady depicted took in hand the river post between Staines and Laleham in order to release a man for war-work. In the year 1917 she sculled 1,200 miles backwards and forwards between Staines and Laleham on postal work—a highly creditable record.—FLUVIUS.

THE CANADIAN POCKET MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending two pictures of a most remarkable little mouse found on the Canadian prairie—the pocket mouse. This handsome rodent has a pocket or pouch in each cheek with an external opening, which it uses for food. Several of the smaller rodents have cheek pouches, but in most species these open into the mouth and are filled, probably, by the tongue, but the pouches of the pocket mouse can only be filled by the forefeet or hands. That they are emptied by the forefeet I am certain, for last year I had the pleasure of watching this peculiar operation on one occasion.—H. H. PITTMAN.



THE CANADIAN POCKET MOUSE AT HOME.

TOWN HOUSES OF THE XVIII CENTURY

No. 19, GROSVENOR SQUARE.—II.

AT No. 19, Grosvenor Square the Rotunda, by the original ceiling design, is known to have been, as first intended, in the form of a square saloon, to be ceiled with a dome-like cove with the same pattern of coffering design that exists in the present cupola. Evidently while the work was in hand Adam changed the plan to a circle with four alcoves occupying the angles of the square. Probably this is the first of the several rotundas executed for him. A comparison with the apses of the library at Kenwood (1767) will show the great advance that took place in the design of the ornamentation employed as the style of Robert Adam developed. The ceiling of the present morning-room, originally a dressing-room, on this same first floor will be at once recognised as Adam work, though there are features in it of an early character which were soon after to be eliminated. The chimney-piece in this room may be described as experimental. The elements of the design belong in part to the early Georgian, though modified by new features which are not as yet fully assimilated. The great staircase is bold in general design, depending entirely on top lighting through an oval well-hole, which is balustraded on the second floor. The present glazing of the top lay light is certainly not original, and it is possible that there has been some subsequent alteration here in view of the rarity of examples of Adam staircases carried up in this way through three floors in private houses of this character.

The pictures on the walls of the staircase are later insertions, but the balustrading may very well be original. On the ground floor the large entrance hall has lost its Adam character, and the morning-room, or front parlour, ceiling would appear to have been redecorated, and the mantel is certainly of a later type. The splendid eating-room behind, however, is very recognisable as Adam of a type much improved upon and developed in later examples. Across the back court, which is of unusual depth, the stable block is seen to have an architectural centrepiece, which is quite early in character. The Doric Order used in this feature is much



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THE DOME ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more effectively handled than is the case with the Corinthian employed on the street façade. It is an illustration of Robert Adam's view, clearly expressed at this time, that the Corinthian is an ornamental Order which requires to be fluted and decorated in all its parts.

"The capital of the Corinthian Order demands delicacy and richness in every other part belonging to that Order, and when that necessary profusion of ornament cannot be afforded the architect ought to reject this Order altogether." In an old print of 1789 the adjacent houses are shown as quite plain; but it would appear that, starting from the western corner, the whole was to have been part of one design, possibly in substitution for the smaller and older houses that may have been first built on this side of the Square.

Paul Benfeld, who succeeded to the Earl of Thanet in the occupation of No. 19, appears to have been an influential servant of the East India Company. We have already met with him at 18, New Cavendish Street as a successor to John Udney from 1780 to 1783, when he parted with that small house to the even more notorious



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

nabob, Sir Thomas Rumbold, mentioned in the article on "White's." Horace Walpole has an allusion to Benfeild. Writing to Sir Horace Mann in January, 1781, he says: "We know no more of what passes in Europe than in Africa. To make amends, America and Asia are fully discussed. At this moment, I might, if I pleased, be perfectly acquainted with the King of Tangore and all his affairs, not quite upon his own account, but because there is a contest at the India House about one Mr. Benfeild, who, by the way, is believed to be agent for the Nabob of Arcot, and to have retained nine members of Parliament in the interest of that petty sovereign. Scandal to be sure! And perhaps you think I am talking to you out of the Mogul Tales, but I have long told you that you have—can have—no idea of your own country. Well look into the Roman History just before the fall of the Republic, you will find orations for King Deiotarus, and of proconsuls pensioned by tributary sovereigns. In short, you will see how splendid and vile the ruins were of a great empire!"

What a lesson this is to pessimists. Walpole was oppressed by the apparent fatality of the American war, then at its accelerating crisis of misfortune. He is ready to wind up the infant British Empire and sing its dirge in the ears of his self-exiled friend in Italy. Paul Benfeild, who died in 1810, was M.P. for Cricklade. He entered the service of the Company curiously enough in the same year as the date on the Adam drawings, 1764. His fortune appears to have been made by money-lending to the Nawab of Arcot and the Rajah of Tangore, and these private operations of his were enquired into by the directors in London.

In the following month of February Walpole comments to Mason on Dr. Markham, the Archbishop of York, going to the India House to vote for Benfeild. In March he calls him a rascal "who has been returned under the sanction of Parliament, and of his Grace of York, to be one again in vain! Yes; India and America are alike escaping out of the talons of the Scotch."

Thomas Malton's "Picturesque Tour of the Cities of London and Westminster" (1792) contains a good aquatint of the Square taken at this angle, and his editor notes the first house in view as that of the Earl of Leicester, and "the second, distinguished by six columns of the Corinthian, was," he adds, "sold by the Earl of Thanet to Paul Benfeild, and is now the property of Richard Thompson Esq. of Wetherby Grange Yorkshire." This must be reconciled with the information kindly given by the solicitors of the Grosvenor Estate to the effect that the Earl of Thanet in 1793 took an extension of his lease from 1824 to 1856.

To Malton's Editor "the Square has an air of grandeur. The houses are in general large with bold projections, and some of them are decorated in a style of magnificence which gives dignity to their less adorned neighbours."

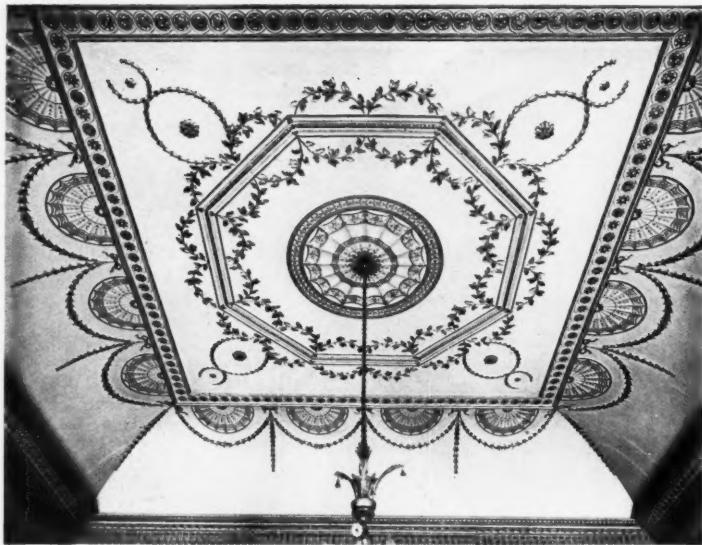
This is not a bad answer by anticipation to those who abused the Square for not possessing the monotonous regularity of the future Belgravia.

Soane had a lecture diagram made in 1812 of this corner block of the Square, doubtless because he attributed it to Adam. He also made a survey of the Marquess of Abercorn's house in the Square, a client for whom he had designed extensive alterations at Strabane in Ireland. The most famous Adam house in the Square was No. 26, containing the wonderful interiors for the Earl of Derby, which have already been described. Unfortunately, they now exist only in the plates of "The Works of Robert and James Adam."

The Danish Ambassador was a later tenant of Thanet House, and probably the pictures on the staircase walls were then introduced. Some other decorative changes have been made, and a large conservatory, or palm court, has been added at the back. Possibly the original scheme of the house, with its few, but large,

rooms, may have owed something to the fact that the Earl of Thanet did not marry until 1767, whereas the house would appear to have been completing three years earlier. The early date and the large scale make this little recognised house one of considerable interest in the story of Robert Adam's artistic development.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.



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CEILING OF MORNING-ROOM.

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FIREPLACE IN THE DOME ROOM.

"C.L."



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ALCOVE IN THE DOME ROOM.

"C.L."